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The Washington Monthly

SEPTEMBER 1978/$1.50

Jimmy Carter: Government Without Politics

Sam Brown: Politics Without Government

TWO DISAPPOINTMENTS

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"Minimize the cost of electricity, that's what our research is really try

Dr. Richard Bal[illegible]ctor for Fossil Fuels and Advanced Systems at the Electric Power Research Institute.

Dr. Balzhiser among the array of mirrors that track the sun at U.S. Department of Energy's Sandia Labs solar thermal test facility in New Mexico.

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ing to do."

"Our principal solar research effort is to develop collectors to use solar energy concentrated by mirrors. Such systems must be in use a large part of the time to justify the large capital investment. While the sun's energy is free, it's only available part of the time, so we'll need innovative storage or hybrid systems if solar electricity costs are to compete with other alternatives.

SOLAR CELLS

"Present solar cells are far too costly for utility use. We believe thin-film technology or very advanced cell concepts using concentrated solar energy offer the best chances for producing electricity at competitive costs. We've recently had some exciting results which could lead to the break-through necessary for solar cells to receive serious consideration by utilities.

SOLAR HOMES

"To investigate and refine solar heating and cooling systems, we have built five houses on Long Island, and five in Albuquerque, equipped with various combinations of space conditioning and storage systems. We will run more than 100 experi- [illegible] three to four [illegible] the mix of solar [illegible] brings a home- [illegible] combination with [illegible] overall cost.

COAL

"As coal-fired plants become more expensive and more complicated, new approaches to producing power from coal could become more attractive. We're looking for better technology to protect the environment at minimum cost. R&D on coal gasification and fluidized combustion has shown considerable promise. Unfortunately, these are not available today, and our immediate needs must be met with better conventional plants that operate as cleanly, as reliably and as cost-effectively as we can make them."

NUCLEAR POWER

Dr. Milton Levenson, Director for Nuclear Power at the Electric Power Research Institute.

"About 80% of our nuclear research is aimed at making nuclear power even less expensive. We're trying to improve reliability, to extend fuel life, to protect against the cost of plant shut-downs, to make plant operations go smoother.

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CHOICES AND ECHOES IN PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS

Rational Man and Electoral Democracy

Benjamin I. Page

Sporting contests in which it's fun to root for the winning team. Mass deceptions to lull citizens into thinking they control government. Solemn events in which popular sovereignty is exercised. Which of these views of presidential elections is closest to the truth? Do candidates say what they believe or what they believe voters want to hear? To answer such questions, Page has evaluated—and quoted liberally from—opinion polls, campaign literature, and candidates' speeches from the last twelve presidential campaigns. His analysis of the interaction of politicians and voters is an absorbing commentary on how our democracy has been working in recent years.

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SEPTEMBER 1978

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Letters

For the briefest flicker of an historical moment, lasting less than a decade, a slightly larger percentage of our population became aware of the role that mindless fecundity has played in the world's sorrows, from resource depletion to pollution to class systems. The moment appears to be over, the birth rate starts its rise again, and those to whom the decision *not* to have children is a profoundly moral one are subjected to pathetic discussions such as that conducted in your pages between Deborah Baldwin and James Fallows.

It seems to have occurred to neither Baldwin nor Fallows that most people should not have children for reasons having nothing to do with the relative joys of personal freedom vs. familial bliss. The resources are simply not available to support anything approaching the present population of this country—let alone a larger one—more than a few years or decades longer. I am not speaking of anything so superficial to human existence as fossil fuels; I am speaking of such things as soil fertility and water availability. Good God, Fallows, while you are dandling that child at your knee vast areas of the West are subsiding because the groundwater beneath them has been exhausted in the desperate effort to pump grotesque amounts of produce out of the land to feed *too many people!*

But the environmental debate is out of fashion, even, apparently, for editors of *Environmental Action.* What depresses me all the more is the failure of humanity—of *community*—underlying Baldwin's and Fallows' words. Fallows contrasts himself with childless friends "who go off to their Caribbean vacations and cocktail parties and tennis games." I don't know anyone wealthy enough to take a Caribbean vacation—I haven't noticed that my friends with children have cut out cocktail parties or tennis games. But I've noticed what they have all too often cut out: political organizing, neighborhood groups, involvement in community organizations, concern for issues extending beyond their cozy homes. . . .

I would like to speak out as strongly as I can against the lie that parenthood represents "unselfish love." Parenthood is selfishness incarnate. Absorption in one's child is absorption in oneself, and all too often serves as an excuse for walling out the community, which should be more important than oneself or one's child.

More so than in any period since 1776, these are times that try the souls of men and women. We shall have to work a radical change in society within a few short years, or it will be forced upon us willy-nilly and unplanned. If we are to avoid social convulsion and a new Dark Age, we shall need to overcome an unspeakably powerful enemy: selfishness. We shall need to find the courage within ourselves to choose the community over the private hearth. Reading the smug, self-congratulatory words of a James Fallows, whose thoughts the President mouths, I fight an impulse to despair. Meanwhile, I am glad that Deborah Baldwin is without a child; I pray that she finds a good reason.

PHILLIP JOHNSON
Eugene, Oregon

Mr. Fallows' allusion to his childless friends who "go off to their Caribbean vacations and cocktail parties and tennis games" thinking that the joke's on his wife and him does not correspond to the thinking Ms. Baldwin detailed. She certainly discussed the obnoxious, selfish reasons for remaining childless. She reflected on the many pressures women feel when the responsibility for children rests primarily on them. If Mr. Fallows does not understand the distinction I suggest he consult Charles Peters, whose perceptive remark about "the lack of social support for parenting" in "Tilting at Windmills" was more to the eloquent point of Ms. Baldwin's article.

CATHERINE CALLEN WEST
Washington, D.C.

"A FAILURE is what the GAO terms the U.S. Postal Service's billion-dollar Bulk Mail System which features 21 centers for mechanized Parcel Post Pulverizing. The United Parcel Service and other private carriers have taken almost all of the government's parcel post buisness by offering faster service, lower rates, and much less breakage. Contemplating these trends, the Postal Service raised parcel post rates 35 per cent in May."

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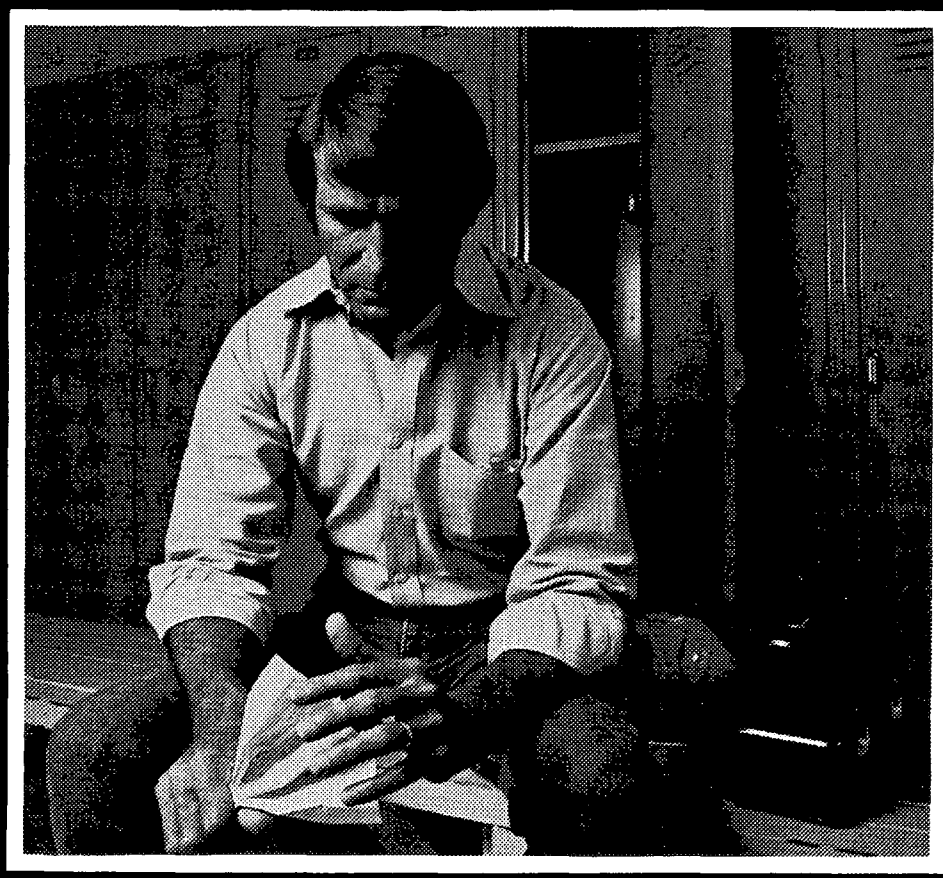
In order to form a more perfect union, you're fired.



The pink slip. There isn't much of the red, white and blue in it when compulsory unionism is behind it. Yet, more and more Americans are losing their jobs every day. Because they've lost their freedom of choice. They either join the union, or they join the unemployed.

We're the National Right to Work Committee. And we're working to protect our inalienable rights—the rights established 200 years ago to form a more perfect Union.

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National Right to Work Committee

Tilting at Windmills

Since the attitude of liberal intellectuals toward *Time* magazine ranges from condescension to hostility, one fears that they will miss the useful items that do appear there. There was an excellent essay by Lance Morrow in the August 7 issue called "After Proposition 13, Volunteers Needed." If we are going to cut back on what government does, someone must fill the gap by doing the work that needs to be done. An example is care of the aging. The cost of this care, according to recent articles in *The Los Angeles Times* and *The New York Times*, is already threatening to overwhelm the national health systems of Sweden and Britain. And the situation will only get worse as the number of older people continues to grow. Volunteers could easily be trained to meet most of the needs of the elderly and could bring to their work the kind of concern and warmth that is increasingly lacking in our health professionals.

It is against this need for a massive rekindling of the volunteer spirit in America that the performance of Sam Brown and the leadership at ACTION has been so disappointing. As an old friend and admirer of Brown, I greeted his appointment with great enthusiasm and saw it as compelling evidence that I had been right in supporting the man who made it, Jimmy Carter. It has turned out, however, that the two are the wrong combination. (See the articles beginning on pages 12 and 28 of this issue.) If Carter had been a leader who could have told Brown what he wanted from the Peace Corps and VISTA, I'm confident Brown could have delivered. But Carter gets his programs from his subordinates, and Brown didn't have one. Instead he has been swimming around in circles, using his intellectual sonar to make sure he avoided saying or doing anything to offend his left constituency.

This self-protective avoidance of risk is typical of agency heads serving under presidents who fail to lead. It is now going on, not just at ACTION, but all over Washington.

Another disappointment of the Carter administration is Max Cleland, the triple amputee Vietnam veteran who heads the Veterans Administration. He is rapidly gaining a reputation for caving in to the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars, who care little about the Vietnam veteran who needs help the most. . . . The legal and financial professions are full of respectable cons—tricks that are legal ways of making free money. One example, as we pointed out a couple of months ago, is that Jack Kent Cooke and Edward Bennett Williams are enriching themselves at the expense of local sports fans by having the Redskins organization use its revenues to buy up the stock of other stockholders, thereby increasing the value of the Cooke and Williams shares as well as the price of tickets to Redskins' games. In other words, the fans who buy tickets are buying stock for Williams and Cooke, so that they won't have to buy it with their own money. "So what?" said our friends who are lawyers, when the story came out. "Perfectly legal." But our friends who aren't lawyers joined us in feeling robbed. Another example of the same respectable con appeared in the July 13 edition of *The Washington Post:*

"The Washington Post Company yesterday announced plans to buy back an additional 300,000 shares of its class B

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common stock. . . . Since 1975 when a stock repurchase strategy was announced, the Post Company has purchased 1,977,000 shares of its class B stock. . . .

This move would appear to enhance the value of the Graham family's holdings in the Post. It would also appear to enhance the value of the shares held by Berkshire Hathaway Corporation, which is controlled by Katharine Graham's close friend, Warren Buffett. It's all perfectly legal and they are all fine people, but why should we buy stock for them—which seems to be exactly what those of us who buy the Post are doing.

In another follow-up to the Williams story, George Allen, the former coach of the Redskins, was fined $3,000 by the National Football League because he had publicly criticized Williams. It seems that Article IV of the NFL's constitution provides: "No member nor any stockholder, officer, partner or employee shall publicly criticize any member of its management. . . ."

This I find further evidence to support my insane but certain conviction that fascism will come to America, not in jackboots but in the smooth, suntan-lamp guise of the likes of Pete Rozelle.

Never Again
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Medical science has known for decades that salt consumption can lead to high blood pressure. But when the Center for Science in the Public Interest recently petitioned the Food and Drug Administration to limit the amount of salt added to processed foods and to require the amount of salt in a product to be listed on its label, the FDA said that since it is still collecting and studying the evidence on salt, it would be "premature" to make a decision on the petition. . . . If you've always questioned in your heart those defenses of the federal bureaucracy that cite how little it has grown since World War II, Spencer Rich of *The Washington Post* recently confirmed your doubts. While the federal bureaucracy has grown by only a third to 2.8 million since 1950, the number of people who work for universities, research organizations, and state and local governments who are paid by the federal government has grown to between three and four million. HEW, for example, in addition to paying its 144,000 regular employees, has 980,000 others whose salaries it pays through other organizations. So ask the real HEW to stand up and you'll see over a million people rise.

The vice chancellor of the New York State Board of Regents has proposed competency tests for New York teachers. Perhaps he should reconsider. He may not want to know the results, if the experience of Dallas, Texas, is any indication. The Dallas Independent School District recently tested 585 teachers. More than half failed. . . . An unhappy fact of national life in recent years has been skyrocketing real estate assessments—it seems to affect everyone except the influential, as we pointed out in a recent article by Joseph Nocera. The latest examples are Jimmy and Rosalyn Carter. As Martha Angle

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and Robert Walters have revealed in their syndicated column, the Carters' assessment has increased only ten per cent since they bought their brick rambler in Plains ten years ago—and it has not increased at all since 1974. . . .

Another *Washington Monthly* theme is that government is run not for the governed but for the government employee. Here's our latest example: In Rhode Island, school closed for over two weeks last winter because of a series of snowstorms that shut down the state. However, summer vacation began on schedule for the kids. How come? The school departments and the teachers' unions in the state decided that the kids didn't need 180 days of school, only the teachers did. So they worked out a schedule whereby teachers—but not students—stayed an extra hour and a half at school until the time was made up. Wasn't the original idea of a 180-day school year that it would benefit students, not the teachers' union?

Now that the Supreme Court has managed to perceive—in the Guy Goodwin case—that prosecutors should not be immune from damage suits for their sins, I hope they will have enough sense of humor about themselves to reconsider their ruling that judges do have such immunity. . . . A recent Army study has recommended that the number of women soldiers be limited because they are absent from duty three times more often than men. But, on inspection, "three times" turns out to mean 9.5 hours per month instead of 3.3 hours. This slight difference is more than made up for by the fact that women tend to remain in the service longer than men. With a dwindling birth rate and a dwindling supply of male recruits we need women in the armed services. We are now turning away qualified female applicants, an absurdity in a time of an overall shortage of qualified people. A further absurdity is keeping women from the combat roles they can perform, on the grounds that there are some combat tasks they cannot perform. As General Ira C. Eaker pointed out in the *Air Force Times:*

"In my infantry company 60 years ago the men selected to carry the machine guns, mortars, and ammunition were the six-foot, 200-pounders, not the lightweights.

"Some women and some men are physically unfit for some military tasks. Common sense will prevail. . . ."

But some people are immune to common sense. Take the Texas Department of Public Safety, which, according to the Associated Press, put a female cadet into the boxing ring to fight a male cadet who was three inches taller and 39 pounds heavier. The result was a brain concussion for the female cadet.

Nothing is being done about needed reforms in the intelligence agencies; so it seems likely that the only effect of the scandals will be a short-term pulling in of the horns that does not discriminate between what the agencies should and should not be doing. Take the CIA's refusal to help in the recent Moro kidnapping. What should it be doing if it is not fighting terrorism? . . . What are protesters protesting these days? Nuclear power plants. At Seabrook, New Hampshire this past June you would have found Dr. Spock, Dick Gregory, Pete Seeger, and the usual cast of thousands of young people. How do causes become suddenly chic? To the extent nuclear power plants are a threat, the danger has existed for years. Yet only recently has it become an issue in vogue.

If we are to move forward with the task of figuring out how to reform the federal government we need a lot more reporting like Neil Maxwell's recent story in *The Wall Street Journal,* "How U.S. Housing Aid Fails Many of the Poor in One Georgia Town." Journalists must connect the programs, policies, and rhetoric of Washington with the realities out there where things

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are supposed to be happening. Perhaps they will be motivated to do so—at least in the housing area—by the dreadful housing shortage that is driving up rents in places like Washington and New York to the point where journalists who are not employed by rich institutions like the *Post* and *Times* can no longer afford to live where they want to work. . . .

The rising cost of housing in Washington is also forcing us to reconsider one of our most consistent articles of editorial faith—that federal employees are massively overpaid. Today one would have to say that they are massively overpaid only if they already own their houses. If they are faced with the prospect of raising the down payments needed in the local real estate market, they must feel like Americans in Japan. Of course if they can scrounge up the down payment, they have the rosy prospect of seeing their assets double in a matter of months so that their self-interest will again be in the continuing inflation of higher salaries and higher prices, to which their own overpayment has made such an important contribution.

Carter had a marvelous opportunity to stop all of this when he came into office. With most of his staff already receiving twice as much money as they had ever been paid before, he could have refused to give them the May 1977 raise. This would have given him the moral standing to refuse the October 1977 raise for all government workers—which would have been a blow against the cost of federal government and against inflation too. He still could—and should—veto the raise scheduled for this October.

Even though the government is finally catching up with the danger of asbestos, the firms that produce it are not going out of business. They're simply closing their American plants, where requests for work safety are becoming burdensome, and opening new plants in foreign countries, where solicitude for employees' health is not intense. The Abex Corporation recently opened a plant in India—and got $1 million in political risk insurance from the same United States government that would have compelled it to observe safety regulations had it stayed in America. . . . One of the most depressing examples of the failure of the American system is the Teamsters Union. Think of all the newspaper exposes, congressional investigations, and federal prosecutions. Yet it still seems to be run by gangsters for gangsters and there still seems to be nothing we can do about it. . . . From time to time we have complained that the civil service is inbred and particularly hard for an outsider, no matter how qualified, to break into at its middle and upper levels, where the good, high-paying jobs are. There are, for example, 180,000 jobs at the GS-13 through GS-15 levels, paying between $26,000 and $47,200 a year. Last year only 500 outsiders were hired at those levels.

In the realm of vituperative invective, the Marxists are rivaled only by the academics. Our favorite recent example of the professors' skill in this area comes from Dr. Christine Rossell of Boston University. Dr. Rossell, who had published research indicating that desegregation did not cause white flight to the suburbs, was told of an article supporting the white flight theory by Dr. Diane Ravitch, who was quoted as saying:

"The main factor that I found in restudying the white flight controversy was denial—the power of denial among people who do not want to or cannot afford to believe what has happened."

Dr. Rossell replied:

"Power of denial? What does power of denial mean? Ask her what a standard regression coefficient or an interrupted time series is! It's just crazy to debate statistical analyses with a journalist like Ravitch."

Calling Ravitch a journalist is, of course, in academic code roughly equivalent to the Marxist calling someone "a running dog of the capitalist imperialist exploiters."

—*Charles Peters*

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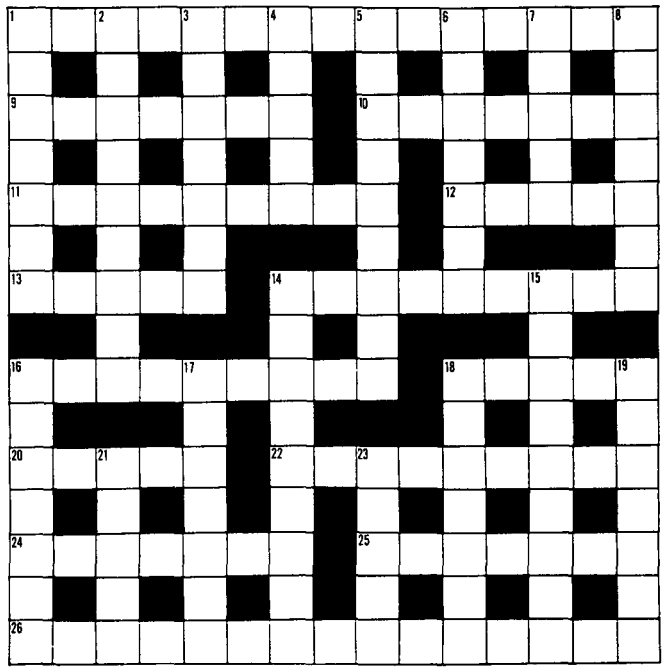
the political puzzle

by John Barclay



ACROSS

1. Caesar's answer to high taxes? (11,4)
9. Likes to pass on in middle of after-thought. (7)
10. Veterans' Administration subsidy for tramp. (7)
11. Peter's are copiers, in a way. (9)
12. Fabric in funeral spray only once. (8)
13. Stick nothing in lewd reversal. (5)
14. Paper sold for damaged organ. (9)
16. Paraders the rest trust somehow. (9)
18. Dual nothing can be heard. (5)
20. Just the suit for Melvin Belli. (5)
22. Site of D.J.'s locker? (2,3,4)
24. Lady bit a hat strangely. (7)
25. Bizarre storied pressmen. (7)
26. Quiet domestic drayman in control in Washington. (9,6)

DOWN

1. Set up documentation for French priest in quarters. (7)
2. We prove or slyly suppress. (9)
3. Supreme general? (7)
4. This month's magazine bound in chamois suede. (5)
5. Angels sort vines entangled. (9)
6. Country I regain in revolution . . . (7)
7. . . . and where laity is organized. (5)
8. Chanted for tin node discovery. (7)
14. Aide crept around foundation. (9)
15. Screw in broken V.O. bottles. (5,4)
16. Pulpits smashed asunder. (5,2)
17. Author found in list, too, somehow. (7)
18. Weird crime among former drinkers here. (7)
19. Witness to climbing procedure in reed. (7)
21. Bit of cloth the French used as text. (5)
23. A delight to consider. (5)

The numbers indicate the number of letters and words, e.g., (2,3) means a two-letter word followed by a three-letter word. Groups of letters, e.g., USA, are treated as one word.
Answers to last month's puzzle are on page 22.

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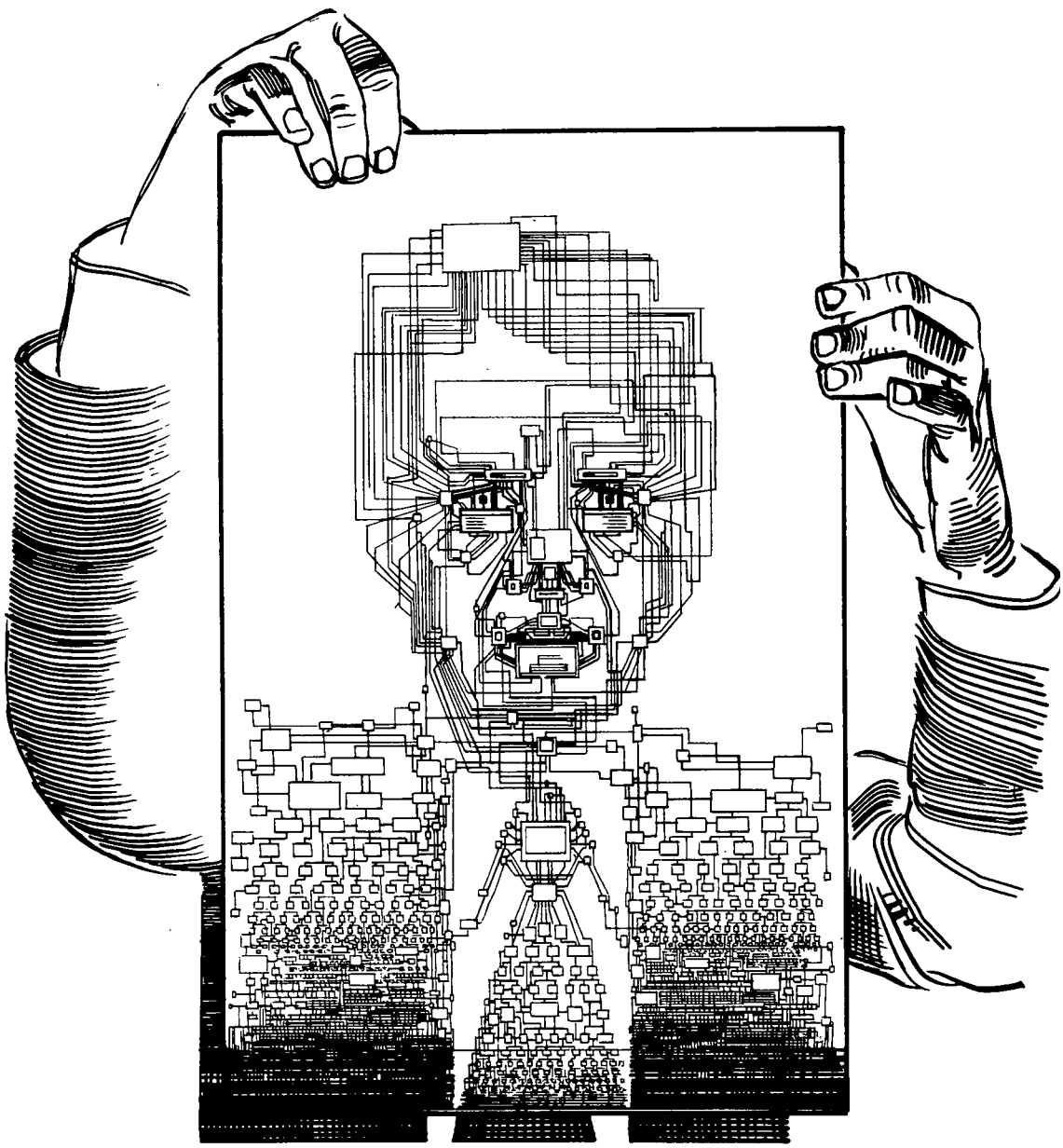

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by Nicholas Lemann

Last summer and fall, President Carter undertook to learn the federal tax system. He had promised during his campaign that he would reform taxes, and the public had responded to that promise. Because he is very strongly a man of his word, the President now was determined to deliver to the American people what he had said he would. On the other hand, he hadn't given a lot of thought to what, exactly, he was going to do to the tax system. During the campaign there had been tantalizing glimpses of the Carter program, ideas like eliminating the home mortgage interest deduction, but these were not the tip of the iceberg they seemed to be at the time. Many times in 1976 reporters had asked about the specifics of the programs he was promising, and many times he had answered that he didn't know the specifics yet. At the time people doubted that, thought Carter really knew what he wanted but wouldn't reveal it for fear of alienating voters; but sincerer words were never spoken.

Two points seemed particularly to irk Carter about the tax system. One was that it was messy, full of loopholes and special provisions. Carter is a man who likes his government programs neat and orderly. The second bothersome point was that the tax system seemed to be set up to benefit unfairly the well-off, to allow them special little deals that would be far out of the reach of average working people. The President has a very keen sense of fairness, and although he is not an eloquent man, the tax situation has driven him to some genuinely impassioned remarks, like this one:

"Last year, one medical doctor, a surgeon, owns a yacht and he took a $14,000 tax credit, tax exemption, for entertaining other doctors on his yacht. This is legal under the present law. Most American citizens don't have a yacht, and when they do go for a small pleasure ride, if they do have a small boat, they can't deduct it as an income tax deduction. And when that doctor didn't pay his $14,000 in taxes, other average American working families had to pay his taxes for him."

But beyond that, Carter didn't know much about how the tax system worked or what he wanted to do to it—surprisingly little, for a man who has been in public life for 15 years. So he held a series of meetings in the White House, at least six of them, none shorter than two hours and one four hours long, with officials of the Treasury, the Office of Management and Budget, and the White House Domestic Policy Staff in attendance. Few people can pay attention to anything for that long, let alone tax policy; Carter's alertness never flagged. Few presidents would get involved in anything but the broadest decisions on taxes; Carter discussed an endless series of details, matters as minor as why, since meals at country clubs aren't deductible, meals at downtown lunch clubs are.

While these long, detailed meetings were going on, there was at large in the land tremendous mistrust of government. One important reason Carter was elected is that Americans felt they were paying too much for their government and getting too little in return. In hindsight—the meetings having

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produced a complicated tax reform program that is not widely understood and is going nowhere—it's amazing that Carter didn't think to harness this public sentiment and stood by mutely while the "tax revolt" did so instead. He might have realized the tremendous opportunity he had to use the public's strongest feelings about politics. He might have had a clear idea of which laws and which organizations most needed changing, all balanced against a sense of the public mood, of the congressional leadership, of the proximity of the 1978 elections, of which interest groups' oxen would most likely be gored. As it was, he came to office knowing astoundingly little about how the federal government works or what new policies were needed.

Absent this knowledge, Carter's best course was to gather around him many talented and creative people and plumb them for information and ideas—to argue out the problems of government, to consult broadly, to balance out competing goals and parties, to arrive at a sure sense of what the major problems were and how they could be met.

This Carter is extremely loath, by nature, to do. He is a Navy man, a small businessman, a man whose experience is that of taking over a command, being told what the problems are, weighing the alternatives, then making a decision—giving the order, seeing it carried out down the chain. As is now obvious, that's not how the presidency works, and hence Carter's record of missed opportunities, programs that never went anywhere, lack of direction, and misuse of personnel. A close look at how the President prefers to conduct the business of governing—what he considers important, and what he doesn't—shows a lot about why his administration has been so disappointing.

Mild Degree of Insecurity

Jimmy Carter is in many ways the most admirable man to hold the office of president in years—possibly the smartest, certainly the most honest, the most upright, the hardest working. His White House has barely a trace of the culture that produced Watergate. He doesn't foster a slavish cult of personality among his staff. He has only a pale shadow of the insecurity and determination to prove himself that Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon had, perhaps most clear in the intensity of his Calvinism. He has told all of the several Rhodes Scholars on his staff, as a sort of joke, that he tried for the Rhodes his senior year at Annapolis and lost, but that he guesses it didn't do him much harm in the long run, did it? But compared to Johnson's and Nixon's obsessive raving about the Eastern Establishment, that's a mild degree of insecurity indeed.

Carter is singularly unadept at the use of people—his own people no less than his adversaries. Apparently this is a matter of principle: the principle that using people is part of politics and that politics is something you use to get elected but not to govern.

It is obviously very important to him to be a good and moral man, a man who always does the right thing. Once he was given a long list of suggested winners of the Medal of Freedom, which under Johnson and Nixon had become an indiscriminately distributed reward to friends. He couldn't stomach that—this was, after all, the nation's highest civilian honor—so he tore up the list and gave out just two awards, to Dr. Jonas Salk and (posthumously) to Martin Luther King, Jr.

He is a perfectionist, a man who drives himself hard toward self-improvement and who wants to have

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every detail right. While doing his paperwork, he has his secretary play classical music and type up the program on a card so he can memorize it—no sense wasting that chance for a musical education. On vacation at Camp David for the Fourth of July, he decided to spend a day visiting the Civil War battlefields, and as preparation had Jody Powell bring in Shelby Foote, the novelist and Civil War historian, to give him a tutorial on the subject.

On matters that he gets personally involved in, he is almost physically unable to allow himself to be cursory, even when he ought to be. He once spent an hour and a half discussing the resurfacing of the White House tennis court. Last fall, his staff put together a lengthy memorandum for him (following lengthy negotiations) on reorganization of the government intelligence agencies—an unwieldy document, but one that all parties involved were satisfied with, except Jimmy Carter. It was illiterate, he said, unintelligible, not good enough. Two young lawyers on the White House staff spent a weekend rewriting it and sent it back in. Still not good enough, Carter said. They had to spend another weekend and do another rewrite before they could get it by Carter, though in substance it was virtually unchanged. Members of the White House staff say, generally, that it is amazingly easy to get paper in to Carter, and that often he has corrected the spelling, punctuation, and grammar—but seldom the ideas.

Decision Memos

He is an organized man who would like to be remembered as a top-flight manager of the federal government. When a domestic-policy issue comes up, he never deals with it off-the-cuff with aides; he holds a series of meetings. Officials from the relevant Cabinet departments, from the Office of Management and Budget, from the Domestic Policy Staff, from the Council of Economic Advisors—all gather with the President at the White House. Before a meeting he has almost always read a lengthy memo giving him background on the subject, and on those rare occasions when he hasn't had time to prepare he says so. He is one of the few elected officials in Washington who will take the time to read enough to master complex material about government operations; the Senate and House are full of men who vote on the basis of 30 seconds' whispered summary from an assistant.

One person who has been in meetings with Carter calls him papal—a small, frail, almost delicate man, waxen in complexion, so soft-spoken that it's sometimes hard to hear him. He listens intently, sometimes asking a question, sometimes soliciting someone's views. He doesn't try to dominate. He talks as a real person would talk, calmly and knowledgeably, not in a politician's boilerplate phrases. He's low-key, impassive, and—on this everyone is quite emphatic—extremely intelligent and hard-working.

Meetings are usually followed by "decision memos," which are the

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procedural backbone of the White House. For the information of those who have lived lives away from managerial America, a decision memo is a bureaucratic art form in which an issue is presented succinctly and then a series of options and recommendations are offered forth. A simple one, like a cover memo for a minor executive order, might briefly describe the order and then say "Approve/Disapprove." More elaborate memos are carefully "staffed out" to anyone in the government who has an interest in their outcome, then reassembled with many options, pros and cons, and conflicting recommendations listed.

Very early on, Carter let it be known that he prefers to do business by decision memo, and he spends a good deal of every day (starting as early as 5:30) sitting alone in a small room adjacent to the Oval Office reading them and checking off options, very neatly, in a black felt-tipped pen. Occasionally he adds comments in the margins, such as "proceed with caution" or "move quickly on this." Carter plainly feels that this is the most useful way for him to spend his time as President. When John Chancellor and an NBC film crew followed him around for a day last year, they caught him saying at dinner, "And then I spent some time talking to Chancellor. Instead of doing an hour and a half's paperwork, I had an hour of conversation with him. Maybe it'll pay off." Even during those periods when his public relations advisors seem to have him on the road all the time, he still manages—through the exercise of even more than his usual self-discipline—to keep up with the memos.

Whereas his predecessors might have given their aides some broad outlines for a new policy and left the details to them, Carter likes to handle the details himself. He has received decision memos that proposed more than 100 matters for him to decide. The decision memo on urban policy for example (famous for its great length) handles one issue this way:

Under the heading "Program Coordination and Implementation" there are three subdivisions, each followed by a descriptive paragraph:

I. The Problem.
II. Existing Programs.
III. Proposed Initiatives.

Under this third heading come the two options:

1) Secretary Califano has suggested that a Special Representative for Domestic Assistance be created.

2) OMB and IGR have developed a proposal utilizing an interagency committee headed by a senior White House or EOP staff person.

The memo then discusses the pros and cons of each option and ends with

Decision:

———— Support Option 1
———— Support Option 2
———— Do not have coordinating effort.

Thus is policy made in the Carter administration.

In the Cabinet meeting last year when welfare reform was first discussed, Joseph Califano made the opening presentation, explaining in a few minutes that a new welfare program would need so-and-so many dollars to work. Carter turned to him and said, "Joe, I don't want to spend any more money on this. How can we reform welfare without spending any more money? As far as I'm concerned, what you've just told me is that our welfare system can't get any better."

This caused in Califano a rare moment of speechlessness, for which Carter must be admired, but otherwise it was a curious performance on the President's part. It's noteworthy that he seemed to have little idea what kind of welfare system we need—he was vague enough on the subject that the formulation of the welfare reform policy turned into a war, Califano and HEW vs. Ray Marshall and the Labor Department, negative income tax vs. public service jobs. Carter apparently didn't know before taking office where he stood on this question, though there is hardly a more pressing one in politics today. He just knew welfare was a mess, wanted very much to make it better, and

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figured that when he took office he'd make a rational study of the alternatives and choose the best one.

Carter did bring to his job a strong grounding in some broad principles that he applies to program after program. He is admirably concerned with reducing the size and cost of government. In any discussion, he's likely to ask whether the new policy will create more federal employees, more big government, more complication, more red tape. "If I see a memo saying that there is a unique problem in the area of relations with Puerto Rico," says one of Carter's aides, "and that we need a special White House office of Puerto Rican Affairs because the existing agencies can't handle the problem, I know he'll say no. Anything that says we need more staff he'll reject." The same goes for spending more money. The least believable of Carter's campaign promises—that he'll balance the budget—may be the one he most deeply wants to make come true. Hence his injunction to Califano.

What he didn't do, however, was ask Califano and Marshall what all the federal income supplements—Social Security, unemployment, welfare, food stamps, veterans benefits, pensions, and so on—cost and what they did. The President's mind does not comfortably embrace the idea of arguing out welfare program by program—inciting the kind of competitive presentation of views that would stimulate him to figure out where duplication exists, where money is being paid to people who don't need it or need less than they're getting. For another example, the idea of reforming the civil service came not from Carter but from Alan Campbell, the head of the Civil Service Commission; and while the President has been a dutiful pupil he has not been the originator or the instigator of sparks of insight about how to get control of the government. Occasionally Carter is said to have a firm idea about how a program might be improved, when he has had a directly related experience in Georgia; otherwise his suggestions, when they come at all, are along the lines of across-the-board budget cuts. He makes quantitative judgments where he should be making qualitative ones.

Besides the Cabinet secretaries, the political appointees in the departments are people he doesn't know, didn't appoint, never sees, and makes no effort to win over—apparently on the assumption that if he, the celestial watchmaker, gives the Cabinet members their orders, then everything will work fine down the line of authority.

A sign of that lack of the instinctive ability to get to the heart of an issue, to extract the main points from knowledgeable people, and to synthesize them, is Carter's behavior in the face of enforced disorder. He is said at those times to be uncomfortable and unimpressive. He likes to discuss policy well prepared and outside the realm of what's politically feasible; he frequently enjoins his staff to bring him the best possible program, the ideal, and let him worry about selling it to the public and Congress. A crisis that precludes systematic consideration throws the President off. One Sunday back in March there was an emergency meeting on the coal strike for which Carter flew in from Camp David. So impressive in other meetings, so cool, so in command, in this one Carter let the discussion drift aimlessly and end with everyone convincing each other, erroneously, that the miners would go back to work if so ordered. The knack of either knowing how the miners might react or of finding that out very quickly, Carter didn't have.

A president who comes to office relatively undecided about what to do and uninformed about the ways of the federal government has to undertake a

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self-education, and this Carter has done, resolutely—through reading memos. A course he has avoided is the one Franklin D. Roosevelt (equally uninformed and undirected in 1932) took: surrounding himself with the best talent available, filling the government with it, and using these people, through argument, flattery, and cajolery, to find out what needs doing and to get it done. Carter is singularly unadept at the use of people—his own people no less than his adversaries. Apparently this is a matter of principle: the principle that using people is part of politics and that politics is something you use to get elected but not to govern. Carter's own view of governing is like a parody of a League of Women Voters pamphlet on efficient public administration. He takes his considerable charm out of the drawer only when he's in a situation where he can say to himself, "this is politics, not government."

For instance, at precisely 1:45 on the afternoon of March 16 the President strode into the Oval Office to greet Maury Gladman, a California banker who is president of Kiwanis International. Like most of the men in his organization, Gladman is not of the President's political persuasion, but he was nonetheless won over. He and Carter talked about service clubs—Carter himself is a past governor of the Lions—and the need for voluntarism and community service. The President mentioned that he was about to visit the aircraft carrier *Eisenhower,* and Gladman said that was a coincidence, his son was an assistant navigator on the *Eisenhower.* Well, said the President, you must write a note that I can carry to him, and Gladman did.

Carter has an impressive ability to inspire popeyed devotion in people on first meeting them—in fact, that ability is what won him the Iowa and New Hampshire primaries in 1976 and is why he is president today. Even now there are moments when the Carter magic can be seen. In the manner of a small town patriarch, the President is gracious and solicitous when someone he knows is ill or in trouble, or when he meets someone for the first time. But for the most part he seems to regard skill with people as something necessary to get the job but irrelevant or distasteful in performing it. So with his staff and with competing forces in the political world, such as congressmen and members of interest groups, he turns off the charm.

The Celestial Watchmaker

One departmental official remembers going to the Oval Office for a private meeting with Carter. The President walked in, precisely on time, said hello, and without further small talk asked the official to brief him. Carter sat listening, completely expressionless, leaving his visitor with no clue as to how he was reacting to what he was hearing. When the official was finished, Carter said softly, "Is there anything else you want to tell me?" "No," the official said. "Thank you," said the President.

A few weeks ago, *The New York Times* reported that Brock Adams, the Secretary of Transportation, was dissatisfied to the point of thinking about resigning. Adams denied it, but the *Times'* version of his woes rings true. A veteran of Capitol Hill serving a president in trouble on Capitol Hill, a former chairman of the House Budget Committee working for an ardent budget-cutter, Adams was consulted by the White House on narrow transportation issues exclusively. Carter's ethic is that those who work for him have a specific job—an area of operations, as they say in the military—and should be concerned with only that. If an aide in the Office of Management and Budget should have an inspiration about speechmaking, or an assistant secretary of Defense a brainstorm about welfare reform, it's possible he can get it to the President or his closest aides, where it will be read and ignored. Among all but the top staff, there's little sense of ferment, of being on the team, of knowing where the administration is going. Outside of the first and second floors of the West Wing, it's a government of hired hands. So

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although Carter's mastery of the workings of the government is growing with time, time has also brought a more and more restless staff, a staff full of people wondering whether they should get out before the administration's prestige sinks any lower.

And there's very little contact with Carter. Last Christmas he sponsored a reception for his staff—the reward for a year of hard work—but neither served any refreshments nor showed up. Carter is said to be bored with personnel matters. Besides the Cabinet secretaries, the political appointees in the departments are people he doesn't know, didn't appoint, never sees, and makes no effort to win over—apparently on the assumption that if he, the celestial watchmaker, gives the Cabinet members their orders, then everything will work fine down the line of authority. One department sent one of its assistant secretaries to the White House Columbus Day reception last year on the pretense that he was Italian, because that was likely to be his one and only chance to meet the President face to face.

One result of Carter's personal inaccessibility (as opposed to his tremendous accessibility on paper) is that any hint of where he stands, such as his scribblings on memos, is accepted as Gospel. An apparent mistake by the President causes a panic because it's so hard to get back to him and ask whether he really meant to check Option 2, and it's impossible to ask an aide to decide in lieu of Carter. A few handwritten words cause major tremors. In one department, the senior staff was meeting with the Secretary one day to discuss the recovery of some money the department had lost through fraud, when the secretary's assistant burst into the room, breathless and excited. The department's weekly summary memo had just come back from the White House, she said, and next to a brief description of the fraud case the President had written "continue to press on this" and she thought the Secretary would want to know that *right away*. Once on a memo Carter wrote, "We ought to do something to aid the third world," and a couple of months later, on another memo, "What ever happened to efforts to publicize aid to Latin America?" Shortly after that a major inter-agency briefing for press officers was held in the auditorium of the Executive Office Building, where John Gilligan, the director of the Agency for International Development, told the assembled masses about the activity swirling around this pressing concern of the President's.

There are a number of reasons for Carter's limited contacts. One is a fear of leaks, just as strong in this administration as in past ones (though in this administration, more is leaked). Another is Carter's faith in Cabinet government. One political appointee in a Cabinet department remembers Hamilton Jordan telling him, "Christ, to think that a campaign organization with few people who had more than a high school diploma could recruit people for key positions in HUD and State was ridiculous." Also, Carter doesn't like small talk—it's almost as if he considers it an abuse of the public trust to spend any of his time as President (as opposed to campaigning) shooting the breeze rather than reading briefing books.

Carter apparently doesn't see his dealings with his staff as a colossal missed opportunity for information, for the generation of ideas, and for control of the government; that's just not the way his mind works. So he's left with little firsthand knowledge or great forethought, relying on the government's notoriously bad regular channels of information to provide him with that.

On the other hand, the just-do-your-job-and-don't-expect-any-gratitude atmosphere has meant a White House remarkably free of internal politics, because nobody's likely to rise or fall. Phil Wise, the appointments secretary, and Rick Hutcheson, the staff secretary, are considered impartial in letting people and paper into Carter's presence. Carter has no one guru, as many senators and congressmen do,

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who makes all the decisions for him on some issue. On any domestic issue he will consult Stuart Eizenstat, the chief domestic policy advisor, a steady and reliable man with a surer sense of Democratic Party constituency than Carter has, a man who is sometimes spoken of admiringly as a "neutral broker," a presenter of ideas, a boiler down; Charles Schultze, the chief economic adviser, older, more intellectual and original of mind, with more influence than he is commonly given credit for; and James McIntyre, the budget director during Carter's governorship and now his presidency, a nice and earnest young man who is widely felt to be in over his head. Carter is relatively easy on the staff; some complain that he has been too easy and too loyal to old friends from Georgia who are not doing well in top White House jobs, men like McIntyre and Robert Lipshutz, the White House counsel. And among those who are not old friends, the next year will be crucial; if there is an exodus Carter will have little chance of using his increasing knowledge to turn the administration around.

Reminders at Key Moments

With Congress, Carter's bad relations are usually blamed on Frank Moore, the chief of congressional liaison, just as his bad relations with interest groups were blamed before her demise on Midge Costanza. In fact, the bad blood is largely Carter's fault. He's not a man who likes to bargain, to trade favors, to form alliances, to control the Democratic Party—all that may be necessary in a campaign, but for Carter, campaigning and governing are two different matters. He needed until recently to be reminded which key congressmen to call at which key moments, and while his instinct for that is improving he still has to be reminded which interest-group members to call when.

He bewilders and infuriates politicians by casting his pleas to them not on the terms they're accustomed to—"Can you help me out on this?"—but on the only terms he is comfortable with—"This is for the good of the country." Political wooing and flattery don't come naturally to him. He flew back from the West once on Air Force One with Senator Warren Magnuson of Washington, the chairman of the Senate Appropriations Committee and a powerful politician in a region where Carter needs help—and spent the trip closeted in a private room with his precious memos, leaving Magnuson sitting all alone.

Does Carter have one person who would stick with him to the end? Even Nixon had people like that.... In fact, that mixture of sincere belief and self-interest that constitutes political loyalty doesn't extend, in Carter's case, much beyond his immediate family and his four or five closest advisors.

The experience of one first-term Democratic congressman from a Republican district is typical. The congressman (let's call him John) made his first trip to the White House with the House Government Operations Committee, which Carter was lobbying—via briefing, of course, not small talk or favors—for support on government reorganization. The President greeted him with a warm "Hello, Bill," and then said, "We followed your campaign and I think we were able to help each other"—though in fact Gerald Ford had carried John's district.

With the passing months this congressman compiled a record of voting with the administration more than almost any other member of the House—a fact the White House

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congressional liaison office appreciated but Carter himself couldn't have cared less about. Once, having never asked a favor of Carter before, he called the presidential appointments secretary and said he needed a letter from the President to read at a banquet in his district. A banquet in his district was small potatoes, he was told; the letter was out of the question. So the congressman called the congressional relations office and complained. The next morning he was awakened at home with a phone call from Frank Moore, who was on Air Force One flying to Panama; Moore just wanted to say he was sorry, and that the letter was on the way.

Similarly, Toby Moffett, a second-term Democrat from Connecticut, compiled an impressive record of support for the President in the early days of the Carter administration. Moffett's pet cause was an insulation bill—he wrote it, wooed all parties involved, followed its progress in the Senate as well as the House, got himself put on the relevant subcommittee. He worked on it for six months, and when it passed he began to call the White House to see when the President was going to sign it. Moffett figured that he might attend the signing, that some photographers might be there, that a picture of him watching the President signing his bill might grace the front pages in his district. Moore's office promised to cooperate. One evening Moffett started to get calls from his hometown papers—how do you feel, they wanted to know, about your bill being signed? Apparently Carter signed the bill in a free moment, thus not wasting any time, and didn't tell the liaison office about it.

With organized groups, Carter, no jawboner, is equally lacking in natural rapport. A few months back he had a meeting with the executive council of the AFL-CIO to discuss labor's role in his program of fighting inflation through voluntary restraint. Ray Marshall and Robert Strauss had done the spadework with the labor leaders. They had agreed to pledge overall support for the President's policy, special cooperation in certain areas like health care costs, and restraint on wage demands if prices stayed steady. That was the important word, restraint—the White House has wanted labor to promise wage "deceleration," but George Meany couldn't agree to that.

The meeting was held in the Executive Office Building. Carter walked in, smiled, and gave a little speech, saying how important fighting inflation was to him, how glad he was that he could count on the cooperation of labor, how crucial the policy of voluntary wage deceleration was. He then got up as if to go. Meany stood up and said, "Wait a minute, Mr. President, I want you to hear our response." Carter listened impassively to a lecture by Meany on how deceleration was out of the question, and at the end of it he stood up, said, "If you can't support me I'd rather not talk," and left the room.

"There are a lot of people in this town who could agree with Jimmy Carter," says one member of the White House staff. "He could make a coalition with them. Muskie. Udall. Chiles. Nunn. Why aren't these guys his best friends? Why does it always have to be Carter against the world? Does Carter have one person who would stick with him to the end? Even Nixon had people like

Answer to last month's puzzle:

1 T	H	2 E	C	3 O	N	4 S	T	5 I	T	6 U	T	7 I	O	8 N
R	■	D	■	G	■	E	■	C	■	N	■	N	■	O
9 E	D	W	A	R	D	V	I	I	■	10 I	D	I	O	M
A	■	A	■	E	■	E	■	N	■	V	■	T	■	I
11 T	U	R	N	S	I	N	■	12 G	R	E	C	I	A	N
■	■	D	■	■	■	S	■	■	■	R	■	A	■	A
13 P	R	I	T	14 H	E	E	■	15 C	A	S	E	L	O	T
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16 E	X	17 T	O	W	N	S	■	18 R	E	S	I	19 D	E	D
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20 I	S	W	O	R	T	21 H	■	22 U	N	23 C	L	A	S	24 P
C	■	A	■	E	■	A	■	N	■	A	■	G	■	S
25 A	S	S	A	Y	■	26 N	E	C	E	S	S	A	R	Y
T	■	T	■	O	■	O	■	L	■	E	■	I	■	C
27 E	X	E	C	U	T	I	V	E	B	R	A	N	C	H

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that, and Carter doesn't. Because you're not going to get anybody to support an entire 40-point policy just because Carter thinks it's right and went through the decision memo carefully." In fact, that mixture of sincere belief and self-interest that constitutes political loyalty doesn't extend, in Carter's case, much beyond his immediate family and his four or five closest advisors. Certainly it's not unusual that Carter has enemies among the country's politicians—every President does. What's unusual is the blandness of his friends' positive feelings about him.

Finding the Morally Superior Position

Another member of the staff remembers having an argument with Carter during the campaign. Carter was accustomed to saying, over and over, that the United States is the first country in history where there is absolute compatibility between liberty and equality. The aide would say, liberty and equality aren't compatible, Governor, they're at each other's throats and the government has to balance them. No, Carter would insist, that may be true in other countries, but it's not true here in America.

That's vintage Carter. The President is a man who has an inclination toward, in the words of Joseph Kraft, "finding for each component part the morally superior position." Rather than compromise between two competing good causes, rather than strike bargains in quest of his goals, rather than carry out all his ideas to their logical conclusions, the President stands by his twin convictions that everything must be right and that everything must be neat. Thus he could in 1977 choose an energy plan that controls consumption through higher prices, and stick by it in 1978 while declaring himself to be battling inflation. Thus he could come out for harmony with the Congress, but refuse to bargain with or flatter its members. He prefers to make each initiative the sum of 40 or 50 small decisions, very difficult to paint in the kind of broad brush strokes that would be understandable to his staff, to Congress, to the public.

To the President and those closest to him, the problem is one of public relations and can be solved by two means. First, Carter can play tougher with his own government, making it clear that appointees should be loyal to him, that the departments should never publicly question his policies, that the Cabinet secretaries should go out and promote the administration's goals rather than their own pet programs, that congressmen who double-cross the administration will suffer the consequences. The other solution is to manage Carter's image better—hence the bringing on to the staff of Gerald Rafshoon to coordinate that effort. For the next several months, the staff has decided, every message from the President will concentrate on five key thrusts of his administration—inflation, energy, civil service reform, unemployment, and tax reform. But that attitude implies that a big picture can be imposed on the administration after the fact, so that Carter will not—horror of horrors—have to impose one in the doing of his daily business. Not long ago Rafshoon sent Carter a memo suggesting, among other things, that he address a joint session of Congress. "Let's do it," the President wrote in the margin. "We'll think of a topic later."

This kind of big-picture veneer won't change a man with a small-picture soul. The President continues to judge the programs and information his subordinates present to him, rather than arguing them out, and continues to govern by attention to detail and procedure rather than politics. It will be hard to make the world believe in a forceful, dynamic Jimmy Carter, a man with well-defined broad goals that he's moving impressively toward accomplishing, when in fact he continues to govern by sitting in his private office, listening to Bach, and checking off dozens of Option Ones and Option Twos, each of them, without a doubt, carefully considered and absolutely right. ■

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Who's Who in the Carter Administration

There is a lot more to **Gerald Rafshoon's** new White House job than running President Carter's public relations operation. More important, according to insiders, is that he has brought a sense of order and priority to a White House that was in sore need of same. His rise in influence has meant a corresponding drop in power for chief domestic policy advisor **Stuart Eizenstat,** who no longer has the final say over the selling of domestic policy. . . . The Bourne affair caused the resignation of White House drug advisor **Dr. Peter Bourne,** but not apparently of the other person involved, his administrative assistant **Ellen Metsky.** Metsky, the intended recipient of the Quaaludes Bourne prescribed, and Bourne's deputy **Jerry Fill,** are both still on the payroll and are trying desperately to latch onto new White House patrons. . . . One reason for **Max Cleland's** failure to stand up to the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars (see Tilting at Windmills), it is said, is because he harbors political ambitions in his native Georgia, where both are powerful.

Appointments since our last issue:

WHITE HOUSE

Principal Advisor to the President on Jewish Affairs—Edward Sanders was a Los Angeles lawyer as well as president of the American Israel Public Affairs Committee.

Associate Assistant to the President for Urban Affairs—Jane Hartley was director of congressional relations for HUD.

Deputy Assistant to the President for Intergovernmental Affairs—Eugene Eidenberg replaces Lawrence Bailey and Jane Frank, who both left earlier in the summer.

Member, Domestic Policy Staff—Christopher Edley was the day-to-day manager of the Carter campaign's "situation room."

Assistant to Robert Strauss, Special Trade Negotiator—Robert Griffin was hired in an effort to pacify his close friend House Speaker Thomas (Tip) O'Neill (see GSA).

Office of Management and Budget

Acting Chief of Congressional Relations for the President's Reorganization Project—Linda Fuselier was deputy chief.

AGRICULTURE

Administrator, Science and Education Administration—Dr. Anson R. Bertran was dean of the college of agricultural sciences at Texas Tech University.

Deputy Administrator, Rural Electrification Administration—Robert W. Feragen was general manager of the Massachusetts Municipal Wholesale Electric Co.

COMMERCE

Deputy Director, National Bureau of Standards—Thomas A. Dillon was acting director of the advance systems and materials production division of the Energy Department.

Acting Deputy Undersecretary for Regional Affairs—Lawrence O. Houstoun, Jr. will serve until a permanent replacement for former deputy undersecretary Anne Wexler is found.

Assistant Administrator for Research and Development, National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration—Ferris Webster was associate director for research of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution in Massachusetts.

Assistant Administrator for Policy and Planning, National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration—Michael Glazer was chairman of the California Water Commission.

ENERGY

Assistant Secretary for the Environment—Ruth C. Clusen was president of the League of Women Voters of the US.

Acting Director, Congressional Liaison—Richard L. Wright has been involved with Senate liaison and becomes acting director with the departure of Frederick P. Hitz.

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Director, Public Information Division, Economic Regulatory Administration—William L. Webb has been director of the Office of Public Information in the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission, and in its predecessor, the Federal Power Commission, for 23 years.

HEW

Commissioner of Social Security—Stanford G. Ross is a partner in the Washington law firm of Caplin & Drysdale. As commissioner, he will administer two thirds of the HEW budget and two thirds of the department's employees.

Deputy Assistant Secretary for Population Affairs—Dr. Irvin M. Cushner was professor of obstetrics and gynecology at the University of California at Los Angeles.

HUD

Deputy Assistant Secretary for Community Planning and Development—Yvonne Scruggs Perry was a professor of city planning at Howard University and executive director of the Urban and Regional Policy Group.

INTERIOR

Staff Specialist to Assistant Secretary Joan M. Davenport—Michelle Zarubica was a staff member of the Office of Management and Budget.

Director, Office of Coal Leasing Policy—Stephen P. Quarles was counsel to the Senate Energy and Natural Resources Subcommittee on Public Lands and Resources.

Chief of Dam Safety, Bureau of Reclamation—Neil F. Parrett was a staff member of the Army Corps of Engineers.

Director, Bureau of Mines—Roger A. Markle is president of the western division of the Valley Camp Coal Co. (probable)

JUSTICE

Deputy Assistant Attorney General, Antitrust Division—Donald Flexner is chief of the energy section in the Antitrust Division and succeeds Joe Sims.

Administrator, Law Enforcement Assistance Administration—Norval Morris was dean of the University of Chicago Law School.

Deputy Director, Community Relations Service—Robert L. Dennis has served in a number of capacities in the department's Office of Management and Finance.

STATE

Assistant Secretary for Latin American Affairs—Viron Vaky was ambassador to Venezuela.

Inspector General of the Foreign Service—Theodore L. Eliot, Jr. was ambassador to Afghanistan.

Ambassador to Denmark—Warren Manshel was editor of *Foreign Policy*.

Ambassador to Lebanon—George Lane was deputy chief of mission in Beirut.

Ambassador to Malawi—Harold Horan was deputy chief of mission in Liberia.

Ambassador to Panama—Ambler H. Moss, Jr. had a key role in the recent Panama Canal negotiations.

Ambassador to Upper Volta—Thomas D. Boyatt was deputy chief of mission in Chile.

TRANSPORTATION

Director, Research and Special Programs Administration—James D. Palmer was president of Metropolitan State College in Denver.

Associate Administrator of Research and Development, National Highway Transportation Safety Administration—R. Rhoads Stephenson was manager of the systems analysis section of the Jet Propulsion Laboratory at the California Institute of Technology.

TREASURY

Fiscal Assistant Secretary—Paul Taylor is a career Treasury employee.

AGENCIES AND COMMISSIONS

Central Intelligence Agency

Legislative Counsel—Frederick P. Hitz was the Energy Department's director of congressional affairs.

Civil Aeronautics Board

Member of the Board—Marvin Cohen has been a lawyer with the Tucson firm of Bilby, Shoenhair, Warnock & Dolph.

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Member of the Board—Gloria Schaffer was Connecticut secretary of state. She will be the second woman on the five-member board and is a proponent of deregulation in the industry. (probable)

Director, Bureau of Consumer Protection—Reuben Robertson was legal director for Ralph Nader's Aviation Consumer Action Project and a frequent critic of CAB.

Civil Service Commission

Director, Personnel Management Evaluation Bureau—Robert J. Drummond, Jr. was director of the Commission's Bureau of Personnel Investigations.

Consumer Product Safety Commission

Chairman—Susan King has been vice-chairman.

Council on Environmental Quality

Member—Jane Hurt Yarn is chairman of the Charles Lindbergh Fund and was head of Conservationists for Carter.

Export-Import Bank

Vice President, Public Affairs—Griff Ellison, a former Carter campaign worker, was deputy director for public affairs of the Agency for International Development.

Federal Home Loan Bank Board

Director—Kenneth Biederman was senior vice president for economic research and planning at City Federal Savings and Loan Association in Elizabeth, NJ.

Federal Energy Regulatory Commission

Acting Director, Public Information Division—Joyce Morrison was deputy director.

Federal National Mortgage Association

Vice President, Corporate Relations—Howard C. Crane was director of communications of the INA Corp. in Philadelphia.

Federal Reserve Board

Member—Nancy Teeters was assistant director and chief economist of the House Budget Committee. She will be the first woman member. (probable)

General Services Administration

Acting Deputy Administrator—Paul Goulding was an aide to Senator Claiborne Pell (D-RI). His 30-day assignment will cover the time technically remaining to Robert Griffin, fired as Deputy Administrator by President Carter.

International Trade Commission

Chief Judge—Donald K. Duvall has been an administrative law judge with the ITC since 1977.

Internal Revenue Service

Assistant Commissioner for Employee Plans and Exempt Organizations—S. Allen Winbourne was technical deputy assistant commissioner.

Interstate Commerce Commission

Congressional Relations Officer—Bruce Hatton was an International Trade Commission official.

Assistant Congressional Relations Officer—Carol Forti was a Capitol Hill aide.

Mine Safety and Health Review Commission

Member—Richard V. Backley was an administrative law judge with the Civil Aeronautics Board.

National Aeronautics and Space Administration

Chief Scientist, Office of Space and Terrestrial Applications—S. Ichtiaque Rasool was assistant associate administrator for space science.

Assistant Associate Administrator for Space Science—Adrienne F. Timothy was a program manager in the Solar Terrestrial Division.

National Institute of Corrections

Director—Allen F. Breed was director of the California Department of Youth Authority.

National Mediation Board

Chairman—David H. Stowe has been a board member since 1970.

National Transportation Policy Study Commission

Member—William H. Tucker is a former chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

National Transportation Safety Board

Director, Congressional Relations and Governmental Affairs—Martin J. Gleason was legislative director of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees.

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Small Business Administration

Assistant Administrator for Congressional Relations—Paul Sullivan was executive director of the Democratic National Committee. (probable)

Chief Counsel for Advocacy—Milton Stewart was a controversial president of Creative Capital Corporation. He hopes to make the tax structure more favorable to investment in small businesses.

Tennessee Valley Authority

Member, Board of Directors—Richard M. Freeman is vice president-law for the Chicago & Northwestern Transportation Co. and served as an attorney with TVA early in his legal career. (probable)

U.S. International Trade Commission

Director of Administration—Charles T. Ramsdale has been director of personnel since 1976.

US Metric Board

Executive Director—Malcolm O'Hagan was president of the American National Metric Council.

US-USSR Trade and Economic Council

Co-chairman—C. William Verity, Jr. was chairman of Armco Steel Corp.

RESIGNATIONS, RETIREMENTS, DEATHS AND WITHDRAWN NOMINATIONS

White House

Chief Advisor to the President on Health and Drug Abuse—Dr. Peter Bourne resigned in the face of allegations of unprofessional conduct; Bourne used a fictitious name in issuing a prescription for the drug, Quaalude, to his administrative assistant, Ellen Metsky.

Assistant to the President for Public Liaison—Midge Costanza resigned because she felt her "approach to fulfilling goals" to be in conflict with that of the President.

Agriculture

Deputy Secretary—Gene A. Triggs withdrew his name from consideration after learning that the press was ready to publicize the fact that he was falsely accused of soliciting in Washington in 1976.

Defense

Chairman, Defense Military Liaison Committee to the Energy Department—Donald R. Cotter has left to join the staff of the Senate Armed Services Committee.

Army Vice Chief of Staff—General Walter Kerwin is retiring.

Retired Admiral—Ben Moreell, 85, died of cancer on July 30. Admiral Moreell was the organizer of the Navy's Seabee construction battalions during World War II.

Labor

Deputy Assistant Secretary for Veterans Employment—Ronald R. Mora resigned alleging lack of support from his superiors.

Appalachian Regional Commission

Executive Director—Harry Teter resigned to return to private law practice.

Civil Service Commission

Director, Personnel Management Evaluation Bureau—John D.R. Cole, Jr. has left to do graduate level teaching and research at George Mason University.

Federal Communications Commission

Chief, Common Carrier Bureau—Walter R. Hinchman is resigning to establish a consulting firm in the Washington area.

Federal National Mortgage Association

Vice President for Corporate Relations—Gordon E. Nelson has left for a job on Capitol Hill.

General Services Administration

Deputy Administrator—Robert Griffin was fired by President Carter despite the repeated protests of House Speaker Thomas P. (Tip) O'Neill (D-Mass).

Internal Revenue Service

Assistant Commissioner for Employee Plans and Exempt Organizations—Alvin Lurie has resigned to return to private law practice.

Interstate Commerce Commission

Deputy Congressional Relations Officer—Robert W. Kyle was fired over allegations that he accepted favors from those the commission regulates.

Small Business Administration

Associate Administrator for Procurement Assistance—Edward H. Lewis was fired by SBA administrator A. Vernon Weaver, Jr. because Weaver had "lost confidence in his ability to fulfill his responsibilities."

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Sam Brown and the Peace Corps: All Talk, No ACTION

by Joseph Nocera

By the end of last year morale had hit bottom at ACTION; it was as low, they say, as in the Nixon-Ford years, when the place had been turned into a home for out-of-work Republicans, and when the struggle had been for simple survival.

It was a rapid fall from dizzying heights of optimism. In January a new administration had come to town, and for the people at ACTION—the agency created by Nixon in 1971 to house the government's volunteer programs, including the Peace Corps—that meant the struggle had been worth it. With the Democrats in, there would be renewed commitment and energy, fresh ideas and vision, and a budget, a *real* budget, intended to build ACTION and the Peace Corps up, not phase them out.

And Sam Brown was at the helm. Surely that was the best reason of all to be excited about ACTION. "We would have stood on our heads if that's what he wanted," says one ACTION bureaucrat, recalling Brown's first few months. "This place was euphoric, absolutely overjoyed, about the appointment. We all thought he was going to be our savior."

Indeed, if ever a man and a job had seemed the perfect match, it was Sam Brown and the top spot at ACTION. The former antiwar activist, organizer of the "children's crusade" for Eugene McCarthy in 1968 and later the Vietnam moratorium marches, Brown had built a reputation as a leader, smart but practical, a man more interested in results than talk. Most recently, as treasurer of Colorado, Brown had served impressively and intelligently by all accounts, redistributing much of the state's money, for example, from the large Denver banks to small-town banks. When he quit that position to become one of Jimmy Carter's first appointments, the ACTION bureaucracy felt it had been given a clear signal: Jimmy Carter cared about voluntarism, he cared what happened to the Peace Corps and to VISTA.

But nearly a year later, all that had changed. "Maybe we were unfair," says a Brown aide who left ACTION recently, "but expectations had been built up so high, that when he didn't produce right away, there was a huge letdown." Sniping at Sam Brown became the order of the day. The Ear, *The Washington Star*'s gossip column, began running bitchy little items about Brown—including one that caused him to cancel a consulting contract because it gave "the appearance" of a conflict of interest. From inside the agency, an

Joseph Nocera is an editor of The Washington Monthly.

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even nastier gossip sheet materialized, called *The Rear*.

Finally, a group of employees took their gripes to columnist Jack Anderson. About ten of them met one night with an Anderson reporter to air complaints ranging from Brown's cronyism in his hiring and contracting practices, to his lack of administrative ability, to his supposed unwillingness to listen to anyone but his closest aides. At the heart of the matter, though, was the feeling that Brown had come to ACTION with no particular agenda in mind, and that now, after all this time, he still didn't have one. There had been no director of the Peace Corps for months, for example—something that should have been an immediate priority. Throughout the agency, but particularly in the Peace Corps, there were all sorts of meetings and task forces and studies, but where were the results? *Why wasn't anything happening?* People who had believed in Brown in the beginning were quietly quitting in disgust. The group at Anderson's that night also expressed some bitterness over the great press Brown had been getting since coming to Washington from the likes of liberal columnist (and head Brown cheerleader) Mary McGrory, when he had not done anything to deserve that kind of favorable publicity. They saw Brown as someone who talked a great "social change" game but who didn't know the first thing about implementing policy.

The subsequent investigation by the Anderson reporter turned up nothing in the way of a "hard news" angle—the cronyism charge, for example, didn't stand up upon inspection. But he wrote a story anyway, focusing on the disenchantment with Brown within ACTION, and on the fact that it was coming not so much from Nixon holdovers who felt threatened (although there was some of that), but from the young idealists, many of them former volunteers, who make up the bulk of the ACTION bureaucracy. It was, however, a story without secret documents or startling revelations, and it never found its way into Anderson's column. "For us, there was no real hook," says the reporter now. "I guess it just wasn't black and white enough."

The Great Disappointment

This is the story of Sam Brown and the Peace Corps, one year and nine months later. In that time, Jack Anderson may have been the only reporter in town to have passed up a chance to write about Brown. Most of the rest of the Washington press corps have found hooks galore: Sam Brown as Symbol, as Outsider Come Inside, as Target of the Right Wing.

Brown has gotten more press than just about anyone in the administration outside of Joseph Califano. This, although he runs one of the smallest agencies in town (1,700 employees and a total budget of $200 million). "I understand why you folks want to write about Sam," says one of his aides. "*He* is the story, not ACTION, not the Peace Corps, but Sam Brown, the radical in government and all that."

In large part, that is accurate. One reason is that Brown courts the press eagerly and well. He is 34 now, an engaging person, full of charm and dry wit, and a great talker. A good interview, as they say in the trade. But much more important is that Brown is the real success story, the big winner, of all the people who made names for themselves in the antiwar movement—he entered politics and won elected office without being accused of selling out. Oh, there has been some scorn from other radicals (Daniel Berrigan, for one), but by and large he has retained his old antiwar constituency and broadened it considerably. It is a neat trick if you can do it, and there haven't been many politicians on the left who have done it as well as Brown.

So it wasn't just the bureaucrats at ACTION who were excited when Sam Brown came to Washington. His arrival also meant a great deal to the liberal community generally and in particular to the Peace Corps community—a loose collection of people bound together by having been part of the

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Peace Corps in the old days. The choice of Brown, most of them agreed, was a master stroke by Carter, a great appointment.

But in the intervening 21 months, the great appointment has become the great disappointment, and it is not just the ACTION bureaucracy that is unhappy. From the White House, the word is, off the record, that much more had been expected of Sam Brown than he has produced. From Congress, one who should have been a natural ally, liberal Rep. Michael Harrington, chairman of a Peace Corps subcommittee, calls Brown's work "pedestrian."

It's painfully clear to anyone who has taken more than a cursory look at the Peace Corps that something drastic needed to be done if the place was ever to awaken from the doldrums of the 1970s. The same Peace Corps that once thrived on being the most unbureaucratic agency in Washington had been paralyzed by its bureaucracy well before Brown came to town. Sam Brown has been unwilling or unable to change that. The basic ways the Peace Corps does business—the manner in which it recruits and trains volunteers and develops programs abroad—have been so abused in the past eight years that they needed to be thoroughly turned around. The steps Brown has taken have been incremental and tentative. In interviews with Peace Corps people here and abroad, the impression that emerges is of an agency that is floundering, unsure of itself and its role, searching for some kind of direction.

And yet, if you listen to Sam Brown talk about the Peace Corps, it all *sounds* so good. His is a Peace Corps built according to the language of the left: he wants to stress Basic Human Needs and avoid the Cultural Imperialism of the past. He wants his staff to work in an atmosphere of Workplace Democracy. In theory, it sounds like a vibrant Peace Corps renewed with Brown's new vision. But in practice it is far from that. This is the real failure of Sam Brown's leadership.

Protest at Selma

Martin Luther King, Jr., and the Voting Rights Act of 1965

David J. Garrow

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Steven J. Brams

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CITIVIEWS

CITIVIEWS is distributed quarterly to Citicorp investors. It contains viewpoints on timely public issues. We believe the following may be of interest to you...

Is Capitalism Kaput?

The word "capital" goes back to the Latin *caput,* meaning "head." Unfortunately, it is pronounced like a modern German word, *kaput,* which refers to something that is broken and doesn't work anymore. Many people, not all of whom speak German, seem to believe that this accurately describes the condition of modern capitalism, nor do all of them find this prospect displeasing.

Capitalism has never been good at winning popularity contests. It has always had more practitioners than friends. One reason for this is that it is the least theoretical of all modern economic systems. Or, to put it differently, it is a system where the practice comes first and the theory comes second. Theories of capitalism are mostly descriptive: Given the chance, people tend to behave in certain ways, and capitalist theories consist mainly of attempts to analyze the results. This is in sharp contrast to the various theories of socialism, all of which undertake in one degree or another to describe how people ought to behave—and then set out to create an economic system that will oblige them to do it.

When Marx and Engels published the *Communist Manifesto* in 1848, they used a considerable portion of their rather short document to warn the world against the blandishments of (1) reactionary socialism, (2) feudal socialism, (3) petty-bourgeois socialism, (4) German or "true" socialism, (5) conservative or bourgeois socialism, and (6) critical or Utopian socialism.

Socialism had not yet been established in any country; yet there were already at least six false forms of it for Marx and Engels to warn us against. Can anyone name six false forms of capitalism?

Capitalism began, not with a manifesto or flag, but as a series of economic and social pressures stretched over a long period. The interconnection of these events was perceived only long after the fact, and few if any of them were popular at the time. Their combined effect was revolutionary, and like all revolutions received a poor welcome from those securely situated in the old society.

Marx and Engels, writing at the inception of communism, gave capitalism great credit for its revolutionary role in history. One passage in their *Manifesto* is especially worth examining:

The bourgeoisie, wherever it has got the upper hand, has put an end to all feudal, patriarchal, idyllic relations. It has pitilessly torn asunder the motley feudal ties that bound man to his "natural superiors" and has left remaining no other nexus between man and man than naked self-interest, than callous "cash payment." It has drowned the most heavenly ecstasies of religious fervor, of chivalrous enthusiasm, of philistine sentimentalism, in the icy water of egotistical calculation. It has resolved personal worth into exchange value, and in place of the numberless indefeasible chartered freedoms, has set up that single, unconscionable freedom—Free Trade.

Since the authors of this statement clearly disapprove of the "motley feudal ties" that capitalism rent asunder, why does not capitalism emerge a hero? The clue is in that one word, *unconscionable,* which means "unrestrained by conscience." Why is Free Trade unconscionable? Because it is, by definition, free—and free means unrestrained. We are in the presence of a tautology, the absurdity of which can be shown by simply calling it Unrestrained Trade instead of Free Trade; thus capitalism is guilty of engaging in unrestrained Unrestrained Trade.

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This confusion lies at the heart of the conflict between contemporary economic philosophies. If trade in the sense of commercial activity is never to be totally free, then under what restraints should it be compelled to operate, and who shall impose these restraints and by what authority? If conscience is to be one of the restraints, then the question becomes: whose conscience? The answers that society, knowingly or unknowingly, decides to accept today determine the economic system under which it lives tomorrow. This is a continuous struggle among human beings: All that varies from time to time is the intensity and form of the debate.

Two hundred years ago, Jeremy Bentham and his disciples were struggling to establish the principle of utilitarianism as the only proper guide for a statesman's conscience. For all practical purposes, the Benthamites have long since won their argument; all shades of political opinion now accept—at least publicly—the proposition that the only legitimate goal of public policy is the greatest good for the greatest number of people. What was once a controversial social and political movement has now become virtually axiomatic and is simply not discussed.

This very lack of discussion, however, tends to obscure some fundamental questions. Capital, after all, is nothing but the accumulated savings from labor performed in the past—a point on which Adam Smith and Karl Marx could easily agree. So what we are continually asking is: What is to be done with those accumulated savings, how—and whether—they will be replenished once consumed, and who shall designate the decision-makers?

One solution to that problem is an institution called the marketplace. It first appeared as the *agora* in Greek communities around 700 B.C. In contrast to the towns of ancient Mesopotamia, which had no formal marketplaces, the agora was the recognized center of the Greek cities, and it can be persuasively argued that the agora was the dynamic behind the seventh century upsurge of the Aegean peoples that led to classical civilization. As one historian puts it, "With a fistful of coins and an eye for the main chance, the individual had arrived in history."

It is doubtful that any marketplace has ever been completely free. The whole body of regulation by which modern societies set limits to the free play of economic self-interest implies the acceptance, either deliberate or unconscious, of moral standards by reference to which certain kinds of economic conduct are pronounced illegitimate. But even the most ardent believer in the proposition that free competition is "unconscionable" might still harbor doubt about whose conscience, exactly, is to supplant the unconscionable—unless, of course, he has become firmly convinced the conscience should be his own.

In the latter event he still has the problem of persuading the rest of us, which really amounts to moving the action from the marketplace to the political arena. The commonweal is sometimes enhanced by this maneuver, and sometimes diminished. History abundantly demonstrates, however, that people tend to pursue their own self-interest as determinedly in one arena as they do in the other, and that wherever they are free to make their opinions felt politically, some form of marketplace survives.

And where it does not, something has been lost far more precious than a theory or system of economics. It is not capitalism that is kaput, but freedom.

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But in order to understand the Peace Corps today it helps to know how it got the way it is.

The Peace Corps was born 16 years ago, in the days of Camelot. President Kennedy created it, and Sargent Shriver breathed life into it in an atmosphere of idealism that one doesn't see very often in America today. The Peace Corps volunteer was going to represent the "best that is in us," a person who worked side by side with people of other cultures. It didn't always work out that way—some programs were flops, and some volunteers couldn't cut it—but it often did. And it was hard to knock the enthusiasm, the energy, and the commitment that went into building the Peace Corps. Shriver and the people around him cared passionately about the agency. They knew they had a good idea, and they wanted desperately to make it work. The idea of doing something worthwhile by joining the Peace Corps quickly caught on, and college graduates, mostly in their mid-20s, signed on in droves. The press turned in a series of rave reviews. It was heady stuff, and many of those who served remember it as an experience that changed their lives (including the editor of *The Washington Monthly*, Charles Peters, who ran the Peace Corps' evaluation division from 1961-1968).

When Richard Nixon became president the Peace Corps went through a series of changes that culminated in the creation of ACTION in 1971. The very term ACTION is a misnomer, for Nixon's purpose in putting under one roof all the volunteer programs begun by Kennedy and Johnson was precisely the opposite: to deactivate what the Democrats had built up, particularly the Peace Corps and VISTA. To a large degree, he was successful.

But even before ACTION came into being there were rumblings that the Peace Corps was in trouble under Nixon. Remember, this was when the antiwar movement was reaching its peak (and Sam Brown was in the thick of things). Protests were mounting, campuses were erupting, and in the Peace Corps, young, college-educated volunteers were getting in their antiwar licks, much to Nixon's consternation. Imagine the President's reaction. Here were people in the government, in *his* government, openly condemning his war policies. While there wasn't much he could do about college demonstrations, Peace Corps dissent was a different story. Nixon's Peace Corps director, Joseph Blatchford, got the message—the Peace Corps was not going to harbor "radicals" as long as Richard Nixon had something to say about it.

Thus began the purge, although it was never described in terms so crude. It was time to "shift priorities" and "change direction," Blatchford announced, with the biggest change being in the kind of person the Peace Corps recruited. No longer would the liberal arts graduate—the so-called BA-generalist—be the heart of the Peace Corps. The new Nixon Peace Corps wanted people who had specific "technical skills," and it promised to build programs that would utilize those skills. For people in the old Peace Corps, the real meaning was obvious, for what they had found—as much by trial and error as any other way—was that in general, technicians did not

But in the intervening 21 months, the great appointment has become the great disappointment, and it is not just the ACTION bureaucracy that is unhappy. From the White House, the word is . . . that much more had been expected. . . . From Congress, . . . liberal Rep. Michael Harrington, chairman of a Peace Corps subcommittee, calls Brown's work "pedestrian."

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make good volunteers. They tended to be older and less adaptable to other cultures and climates; they stayed in urban centers or "the white man's compound" instead of getting out into the rural villages or urban ghettos where the Peace Corps was supposed to be doing its work; they often did not have the drive and the willingness to learn the language and culture that the younger generalists usually had. Although it took time and money to train the generalists to *do* something, the early Peace Corps had found that it was worth the effort, for these were the people who became the truly good, caring volunteers.

The merger of the Peace Corps with VISTA and a host of other volunteer agencies into ACTION only made matters worse. In two ways, the merger immeasurably hurt the Peace Corps. First, with it came the bureaucrats. One of the keys to the success of early Peace Corps was that it had been a bureau without bureaucracy. The absence of a Civil Service personnel system had given the Peace Corps a freedom and mobility unheard of in Washington. Because Peace Corps staff were not allowed to stay for more than five years, there was a constant infusion of new talent and new ideas. The ACTION merger brought with it agencies that already had a rigid Civil Service structure, and the Peace Corps immediately became swallowed up in that. In addition, its recruiting and programming and budgeting divisions were centralized under ACTION. There also was an infusion of Nixon appointees at the top. It is almost impossible to overstate how demoralizing all this was to the Peace Corps staff. Leading the troops for Nixon was Alan May, ACTION's head of personnel. It was at ACTION that May honed his now-famous techniques for subverting the federal personnel system (for which he was later indicted). The Republicans were not at all subtle about their purpose—the Peace Corps quickly became smaller and less visible. Its budget was cut every year so that volunteers dropped from a high of 15,000 in 1966 to the current 6,000 or so. Training was cut almost in half, from an average of 13 weeks to seven weeks. "It got to the point where we were nothing but a placement service for other countries' technical needs," says one Peace Corps official.

Fearful and frustrated, Peace Corps and VISTA staff formed a union to fight the excesses of the Republicans. "Guerrilla warfare" is the way staff-management relations were described. It was not a pleasant place to work.

Nurturing An Image

"I'm sick and tired of all these stories about me being a symbol of something or other," says Sam Brown. But like it or not (and it's hard to believe the not), a symbol is what Brown is and why he was hired. When Jimmy Carter called Brown in Colorado to ask him to join the administration, his first question was, "Are you wearing blue jeans?" He was the politician-symbol of all of us who had worn blue jeans on college campuses in the 1960s. When Brown was sworn in in the Oval Office alongside Max Cleland, the man who lost three limbs in the Vietnam war and now heads the Veterans Administration, Mary McGrory applauded loudly. Finally, she wrote, the Vietnam war is behind us. She had seen the symbols. And where else to put Brown but at ACTION, itself a symbol of the devastation of government wrought by Nixon?

From the beginning Brown spoke in the language of the left—he would "put ACTION on the cutting edge of social and economic change," he would "find the places where you have some latitude and try to create some models"—and from the beginning most of Washington bought it. If he infuriated the right with his statements—and he did, especially in Congress—that was a feather in his cap; he must be doing something right to get those folks mad at him. Within the first few months, many of the heavies of the left came to ACTION to visit Brown. Tom Hayden came by. David Harris. Phillip

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Berrigan. Ralph Nader. It was as if he had to prove to these people that he could be a part of the federal government and not sell out; their approval would mean that his credentials were still intact.

And yet, if you listen to Sam Brown talk about the Peace Corps, it all sounds so good. His is a Peace Corps built according to the language of the left: he wants to stress Basic Human Needs and avoid the Cultural Imperialism of the past. He wants his staff to work in an atmosphere of Workplace Democracy.

But what of the Peace Corps? It was clear at the start that Sam Brown had no idea of what needed to be done there; that's not unusual for any new agency head. But what was worse is that he made no real attempt to find out. The people around him, the half-dozen aides with whom he consults daily and with whom he devises policy, had also known nothing about the Peace Corps when they signed on with Brown. They were full of the right stuff, by Brown's standards—some were Colorado political activists or civil rights activists or community organizers—but only one of them had ever come into contact with the Peace Corps before. That was Tom DeVries (recently departed to take a newspaper job), who had worked for the Peace Corps in Washington in the mid-1960s—but he had been the house radical, and his knowledge of programs in the field was exceedingly dim.

These were the people who were going to decide the future of the Peace Corps. After sitting in a few meetings with them in the early months, an ACTION staff member recalls thinking how they seemed to look on the Peace Corps as a new toy. Brown, DeVries, and the others, they had their answers already—the answers of the left, the answers that had worked for them for the last ten years—and the only question that remained was how the Peace Corps would fit into those answers. Meetings with the on-line Peace Corps staff, the people doing the nitty-gritty work, were few and far between. And when the top staff met, its sessions took on an eerie, unreal atmosphere that was never grounded in the realities of the Peace Corps. The questions were not about what had actually worked and what had failed in the past, but how they could ensure that the Peace Corps was in line with the great goals of anti-imperialism, workplace democracy, and so on.

In August of last year Brown and his staff unveiled their answers. He had not yet found time to hire a Peace Corps director, but he knew where it was going to go. The new direction, he proclaimed with considerable fanfare, would be towards basic human needs, toward reversing the technician trend of the Nixon years, toward attracting more generalists and placing them in rural villages to work alongside the poorest of the poor.

His Peace Corps would be one to take pride in. Gone would be the patronizing cultural imperialism of the past. "The missionary zeal that gave us the Peace Corps is not so far from the zeal that gave us the Vietnam war," Brown was fond of saying. He would create small-scale models, with agriculture and nutrition projects at their core. There would be linkage between Peace Corps projects overseas and VISTA work at home. The new countries Brown most wanted to enter were Tanzania, Jamaica, and Cuba, countries with progressive leaders who had captured the imagination of American radicals. (Although when Brown had a chance to interest Fidel Castro in the Peace Corps, via Bill Moyers, who was going to Cuba to interview Castro for a television special, he passed it up.)

The Peace Corps of the Kennedy/Johnson years came in for special

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criticism by Brown—it had stressed teaching skills among Peace Corps volunteers, and to Brown's way of thinking that meant teaching the well-to-do who went to school rather than the poor who really needed the help of a volunteer. When he talked about the cultural imperialism of the old Peace Corps, Brown always made specific mention of the teaching programs.

A Nice Sounding Bunch of Words

In interviews, Brown can mesmerize you with that kind of talk. It is difficult to sit and listen to him for more than a few minutes without becoming convinced that yes, he is right, that here is a man who knows what he's talking about. How, after all, does one go about arguing against basic human needs? Who can be against helping poor people?

But there is a rub here that Sam Brown hasn't faced; sitting in his Washington office, talking to Washington reporters, he has never had to. And that is, how do you turn the philosophy of human needs into decent programs? How do you make the theory a reality?

In fact, Sam Brown hasn't done that—"It has never been much more than a nice-sounding bunch of words," says one former ACTION aide. In the old Peace Corps, some of the things they tried to do—things that sounded right in theory—had turned out to be absolute disasters. They had wanted, for example, to do some community organizing with Peace Corps volunteers, which made great sense on the Washington drawing board but was a bust in practice. It was too complicated; most volunteers could not handle that kind of work, so it was scrapped. On the other hand, the teaching programs that Brown so mistrusts in many cases succeeded wonderfully. Does Brown know that? Obviously not—he continues to have total faith in community efforts, and no faith at all in teaching.

Certainly there were elitist teaching programs in the old Peace Corps. But the problem was not that the volunteers were cultural imperialists; it was that they shared the get-an-attache-case-and-a-Mercedes values of the native teachers and students who had been brainwashed by their colonial masters to value summer vacations in Paris or London above helping—or even talking to—the average man of their own country. The worst volunteers spoke only the language of the elite, whether it was English, French, or Spanish, and never strayed from the school compound, built by the colonialists to separate themselves from the vulgar mob.

But there were also Peace Corps teachers who learned the languages of the people—Ibo or Twi or Luo—and who involved themselves and their students in the life of the people and thus struck a blow against the colonialists and against imperialism.

More importantly, a new kind of teaching could be a revolutionary process in much of what had been a colonized world. What the progressive Third World leaders understood was that the schooling set up by the British and French colonialists was designed to use rote learning to produce clerks for their civil service. An attitude of unquestioning acceptance of the status quo, of willingness to serve the colonialists—that was the real lesson those schools taught. But those education systems did not change overnight as countries became independent, and in fact they still exist to a large degree.

Challenging the Status Quo

What the Peace Corps teachers could do, and did almost instinctively, was break through the old colonial subservience and challenge the status quo by simply asking "Why?" If this was not being "on the cutting edge of social and economic change," to quote Sam Brown, it is hard to imagine what would have been. But Brown's belief that teaching is imperialistic and his lack of direct knowledge of what the best teaching can do have combined to blind

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him completely to its tremendous potential value.

(Ironically, his current Peace Corps director, Carolyn Payton, understands this all too well. She had been a country director in the mid-1960s and had seen first-hand the importance of teaching. Her arguments with Brown over the direction the Peace Corps should take are legend at ACTION. But Brown says this is one area he is "non-negotiable" on.)

Not Much To Do With Reality

In the course of researching this article, I talked to a number of recently returned volunteers. They had been in the Peace Corps in some cases slightly longer than Sam Brown, and in some cases not quite as long. What they said about their Peace Corps experiences, whether it was glowing or sour, brings home the point that the Brown theoretical canon doesn't have much to do with the reality of the Peace Corps.

In almost every case, the returned volunteers had been either teachers or technicians. Some of them had worked in countries that don't have overwhelming poverty, like Western Samoa. Some had taught sports. One fellow in Brazil had worked on a government computer. Several had been university teachers. Many of them felt that the countries in which they worked had considered them merely a free adjunct to the labor force. The real story of the Peace Corps, said one of the former volunteers, is not the one that has warmed the hearts of Americans everywhere. It is as much a story of volunteers finding no work to do, or spending two years on the beach, or working for the government. In no case did the returned volunteers see any discernable shift under Brown.

Among the technical people especially, there was real resentment toward the Peace Corps, for they felt they had simply been free bureaucrats for other countries. Among the teachers, there was a feeling that they had done some good, that they had had an impact, and that not cultural imperialism but a real cultural exchange had taken place that enriched the lives of both students and teachers.

Sam Brown doesn't see this because he isn't looking.

A Lack of Knowledge

This lack of knowledge—and, perhaps more important, of a hunger for knowledge—has hurt the Peace Corps in other ways as well. To change the thrust of an operation you have to get at its nuts and bolts, at the functions that make it tick. At the Peace Corps, this means programming, recruiting, and training volunteers. Under Nixon, all three areas were decimated. Under Sam Brown, they have yet to be built up.

The key to good programming, when there was such a thing in the Peace Corps, was to find the generalist recruits jobs that were quite specific. The generalists were the ones who were most adaptable to a new culture, were usually better able to learn the language, but they had to have useful work to do. Otherwise, for all their good intentions, the generalists would have been of no good to anyone. The Peace Corps, then, went about defining with the host country, quite precisely, specific useful tasks that generalists could learn in a relatively short time. Former Peace Corps deputy director Brent Ashabranner has described the process in one program:

"The [generalist volunteers] spent their time on just one thing: learning the rudiments of starting and taking care of small poultry units in India. They learned about the right kind of mud chicken houses by actually building them; they learned the deep litter, close confinement system of raising chickens. . . . They learned the right feed formulas and how to improvise with ingredients available in India. They learned to vaccinate, debeak, and kill diseased chickens. After three months of sharply focused training, these volunteers were as ignorant as they had ever been about general farming and animal husbandry. . . . But they knew one thing reasonably well: how to

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house, raise, cull and keep healthy a small flock of chickens in India."

Those were the kind of programs that worked best, but Brown hasn't revived them. Under the Republicans, most countries became accustomed to making requests for expert agronomists and the Peace Corps got in the habit of finding a volunteer to match the request (hence the feeling by volunteers that they are part of the labor forces). Sadly, in most cases, that is still how programming is done.

In recruiting volunteers, the Peace Corps has put together a new ad campaign, the first it has had in years, and it is a good one. The pitch is to the generalist, the idealist—"the toughest job you'll ever love." But in the field offices around the country, it is not the same story. Recruiters work for ACTION, not just the Peace Corps, which means they are recruiting for ten volunteer agencies, not just one. Recruiters sit in their offices, sorting names with jobs, matching previously acquired skills with those technical programs Brown says have to go, rather than scouring the campuses for smart, idealistic people. The new ad campaign is going to waste.

To change the thrust of an operation you have to get at its nuts and bolts, at the functions that make it tick. At the Peace Corps, this means programming, recruiting, and training volunteers. Under Nixon, all three areas were decimated. Under Sam Brown, they have yet to be built up.

The biggest headache of all is probably training. At its most successful, the Peace Corps gave volunteers three solid months of language and technical training. That length of time was arrived at by trial and error—and if anything it was on the short side. When the training time was slashed to seven or eight weeks, it meant that Peace Corps volunteers were being sent abroad without the language and technical skills they had to have to be useful. It meant that anyone who didn't already have a ready-made skill went abroad not knowing enough to be an effective volunteer. When the Peace Corps got a $20-million budget increase this year, Brown vowed that most of the money would go toward extending the training time. But his plan would add only two weeks of training—not nearly enough, especially if he is serious about attracting more generalists, the people most in need of technical training.

In talking to Peace Corps staff and Brown aides about their inability so far to turn the Peace Corps around, you get a two-fold answer: budget and bureaucracy. In Jimmy Carter's government, budget is a common complaint, and the Peace Corps now works with $50 million less a year than it did in its heyday. The bureaucracy is still the landmine the Republicans intended it to be. The Peace Corps still has to go through ACTION's directors of programming and recruiting and budgeting to get anything done. Those division heads, in turn, must get clearance from Brown's staff. A Peace Corps staff member pointed to one case in point: recently, she said, she had tried to get some new programs approved that would have allowed a modest increase in generalists. The head of programming said no, their hands were tied until the volunteers were recruited. The head of recruitment said, sorry, we can't do anything until the programs are approved. The employees' union, once necessary to slow the destruction being caused by the Republicans, is now an unnecessary impediment to change, filing grievances, creating roadblocks every step of the way.

Sam Brown isn't oblivious to this, but he says that his hands are tied. "The personnel system is here to stay. It is something we all have to live with."

But had he passionately cared about

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the Peace Corps, he would have at least tried. One golden opportunity that he missed came when Hubert Humphrey, one of the founding fathers of the Peace Corps, was in the last months of his life, known to be dying of cancer. The "bad guys"—Nixon and Alan May and Joseph Blatchford—were no longer in office. What a time to make an emotional plea for the Peace Corps, in the name of Humphrey, who had worked so hard to get it going. Brown could have pointed to the Republicans and said give me the money to undo the damage *they* did. He will never again have such a potentially sympathetic congressional audience.

From within, he could have altered the structure of the Peace Corps by administrative order. He could have taken it out of the bureaucratic structure of ACTION and given it a new life. He could have made a point of bringing into the organization returned volunteers, who might work for the Peace Corps in Washington for a few years, donating their energy and their firsthand knowledge of what's working overseas and what isn't, people with no interest in staying on as entrenched careerists.

Instead, he has been content to handle small crises as they cropped up—running, for instance, to Capitol Hill to get extra money to cover foreign inflation (mistakenly left out of the Ford budget).

The Safer Course

Sam Brown is a talented man. His experience during the war years, when he was a bona-fide leader, and in Colorado, where he accomplished a great deal, show that he can get things done, that he *can* be bold and innovative. Even at ACTION he has had some limited success in changing the focus of VISTA, the domestic volunteer agency. When a half dozen agencies were fighting for a chunk of Carter's urban program, Sam Brown scored a coup, getting $50 million for his urban projects. But community organizing (which is what he wants VISTA to do) and urban experiments are not new ideas to Sam Brown and his constituency.

The Peace Corps, on the other hand, is something foreign to his experience, and as such it has glaringly shown his weaknesses. To the American left, the Peace Corps has always been somewhat suspect, an easy target for those accusations of the cultural imperialism of the West, the proudest creation of the generation people like Brown were dedicated to unseating from power and influence. For Sam Brown it was a challenge different from any he had faced before, requiring solutions he had never had to consider. It required an ability to step outside his established view of the world and face situations that didn't necessarily conform to it. This would have meant, for instance, keeping or reviving teaching programs that worked, a move that would have antagonized large portions of his constituency, who would not have understood. It also would have required enough passion to confront the difficult obstacles in his path: the tangled bureaucracy, the union, the forces in Congress. Sam Brown, instead, chose the safer course. He has kept his ideology intact and his constituency happy. By conceding defeat to the bureaucratic system he inherited from the Republicans—which he calls "working within the system"—he has limited the people he is willing to fight to the hard-core right, which would object to anything he did.

When he leaves ACTION, his reputation and credentials will be intact, another notch on his belt. In fact, Brown's performance is guaranteed to satisfy just about everyone—he has been a perfectly respectable government official. But there are people who had hoped he would be much more than that, had hoped he was the leader who could make the Peace Corps once again a vital and vibrant agency, a place that people cared about and that cared about people. To them, Sam Brown, for all his promise, has turned out to be the wrong man in the wrong job at the wrong time. ■

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Memo of the Month

Form DOT F 1320.1 (1-67)

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORTATION
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY

DATE: April 18, 1977

In reply refer to: S-10

SUBJECT: Correspondence Change for Secretary Brock Adams' Signature

FROM: Linda L. Smith
Executive Secretary

TO: Executive Secretaries
Correspondence Expediters

Because the Secretary has enlarged his signature, we are asking that a minimum of eight spaces be allowed between the complimentary closing and the typed name of Brock Adams on all correspondence prepared for the Secretary's signature. Please refer to the sample below:

Sincerely,

8 spaces between

Brock Adams

This procedure is effective immediately. I would ask that you alert all of the drafting offices within your agency to this change.

In addition I have found that some letters arriving in the Executive Secretariat are typed on the wrong letterhead stationery, with the inside address exceeding the five line limitation and without proper envelopes. Please see that this is corrected. It would also be appreciated if letters addressed to Congressmen and Senators include the room number on the envelope. (See sample below.)

Honorable Harrison A. Williams, Jr.
United States Senate
Washington, D. C. 20510

Russell Bldg. - 352

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The Government Vs. Small Business

by John Kenneth Galbraith

Anciently, and still in the textbooks, it has been held that there is one type of business firm in the United States. Large or small, it has the same structure; it responds to the same motivation.

In fact, nothing could be further from the truth. On the one hand, there are a very small number of very large firms; fewer than 2,000 companies now produce about half of all private products. In specific areas—manufacturing, banking, insurance, telecommunications, air transportation, and other industries—the concentration is even greater.

Occupying the other half of this economy are some ten to 12 million small firms. Agriculture comes in this part of the economy, as does construction, much of the service sector, and most artistically based enterprises.

The small-scale companies are not about to disappear from the American economy, for we will always have the individual entrepreneur. He reaps the reward of his own ingenuity and energy, as well as the negative reward of his own sloth. Where people, by the nature of their work, need a degree of freedom and independence and are out from under the eye of a boss, no other form of administration serves so well.

But that is not to say that the small firm needs no continuing help, for it does. Small businesses have been the victims of a belief that all American companies have the same characteristics, and as a result the small firm has been subject to the same policies as the large.

In Washington, legislative action and economic policy are characteristically the same for all companies. And what may be agreeable in economic policy and necessary and tolerable in regulatory policy for the large corporation is frequently disadvanta-

John Kenneth Galbraith is the author of The Age of Uncertainty *and professor emeritus of economics at Harvard University. This article has been adapted by him from a statement he delivered to the House Small Business Committee.*

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geous or difficult for the small firm. The different positions of the large and small firm make the latter dangerously subject to the expansion-minded whims of the large corporation with its greater resources in loose and available cash.

To be specific, the large enterprise has, as an aspect of its size, substantial control over its prices and costs. It has power in its advertising to persuade its consumers. It is relatively secure in its market position. The large firm also functions as a self-directed bureaucracy. In the large firm, the influence of the ownership interests, expressed through the board of directors, is small and diminishes progressively with the age and size of the enterprise.

The Effects of Inflation Control

The small company is subject in much greater measure to external market forces that it does not control. General Motors, General Electric, Exxon, IBM have built-in power over the prices of things they sell. Minimum prices of the Department of Agriculture aside, a farmer has no such control over his prices. And the competitive market remains a much greater reality for small firms in general. As a result, returns are far less secure.

The small firm is normally operated by the owner and a small staff in contrast to the bureaucracy or technostructure of the large enterprise. A new task imposed on a large firm is imposed on the organization. With the small firm it is imposed on the owner.

What this means, in effect, is that modern economic, regulatory and corporate policy can easily discriminate against the small firm. Anti-inflationary policy and regulatory practice can hurt small businesses while leaving large ones relatively untouched. And the lack of protection against the corporate takeover of smaller firms puts any successful, medium-sized firm with publicly owned stock in danger of being gobbled up by a larger firm.

The discrimination in anti-inflationary policy is severe, even egregious. There is now wide agreement that the income/price spiral is central to the problem of inflation. Increases in salaries and wage income shove up prices. The higher prices pull up incomes. As the economy approaches fuller use of capacity and its labor force, this cycle of aggravation and response intensifies.

This spiral has been most strongly attacked in recent times by monetary policy. Monetary policy works by restricting spending from bank lending (by raising interest rates) and thus limits the respending of such proceeds. The initial effect is obviously on those who borrow money. But who is borrowing money? Characteristically, it is the small firms—housing and construction being the major but by no means the only examples. Credit is generally vital for the small firm. So it is the small firm that is hit first and hardest by monetary policy. Being small and subject to the market, such firms cannot pass the higher interest costs on to their customers. The large corporation is far more likely to have resources from its own earnings. If it must borrow, it can use its market power to pass the higher costs of money on to the public. And, needless to say, it is always given preferred treatment by the bank. One of the mysteries of our time is how readily and completely small business and its representatives have been gulled into the acceptance of monetary policies that could not be more precisely designed to do them damage.

Regulation

The second area of discrimination has to do with regulation. A modern economy cannot work without substantial, indeed, extensive public regulation—on the environment, occupational safety, consumer protection, land use, and a myriad of other matters. The public will not allow any return, whatever the level of emotions, to the socially destructive

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tendencies of the past, nor should it. There is no future for small business in a crusade against regulation per se. But it is as much in the interest of those who urge firm and just regulation as those who defend the case of small business to have in mind the distinction between the structure of the large firm and that of the small. The large firm has accountants, lawyers, and a large bureaucracy to deal with the problems associated with regulation. The small enterprise does not. The large firm, because of its market control, can pass on the costs of regulatory compliance to consumers. The small firm cannot.

All regulatory policy should have categories. And, without retreat on regulatory objectives, there should always be consideration of cost and reporting requirements for the small firm. By treating large and small alike, one treats them very differently.

The Takeover of the Small Firm

The third problem, which is now most urgently in need of congressional attention, is the takeover problem. The takeover business is currently booming as never before. There is not the slightest reason to believe that after being absorbed by the conglomerate, the small enterprise is more innovative, more efficient, more effective, or more profitable than before. If anything, the evidence is in the other direction. The motivation, in many cases, is not to improve the management and earnings of the small enterprise. The more usual motivation is empire-building. And no one doubts that a frequent reason behind a takeover is to get hold of the cash reserves that have been acquired by the smaller enterprise. As a glance at the newspapers will establish at this moment, the takeover process happens to be in high gear. No one concerned with small independent businesses can stand by while this proceeds. In the not distant future, the Congress will have to become deeply concerned with this issue; I trust that it won't get around to locking the doors after the horses have been stolen.

My attention has been specifically attracted to this danger in recent weeks because it is a problem that was faced by the publishing company with which I have been associated for some 25 years. This is a matter where one should disclose interest. I have no ownership interest in the company of any kind. We have had a mutually remunerative relationship, and I am on friendly terms with the editors. Houghton Mifflin Company of Boston is primarily a textbook company, and it is especially distinguished in this field. A locally owned and controlled New England firm, it is well managed, has been modestly but consistently profitable and so remains.

For many weeks the company struggled with a threatened takeover by a former western railroad. The ex-railroad had no experience in the book business; it had no local identification with Boston or New England.

No one, I must emphasize, should weep for authors, at least for those whose books are bought and sold. They have alternatives. But this sort of thing totally preoccupies the management and has a deeply adverse affect on the morale of those concerned with the day-to-day editorial, sales and other operations of the company. And there is worry, inevitably, that cash reserves prudently and carefully built up over the years might be lost in connection with such a takeover.

The advantages of the acquiring firm in a situation of this sort can be very great. It may have cash resources that give it enormous leverage in relation to the company being acquired. Its offer or bidding can thus be made attractive to all but the most loyal of investor-owners with a further threat of loss if they do not seize their opportunity. And to some extent it can borrow against the assets of the firm that is being acquired. While the ex-railroad has recently abandoned its efforts to gain control of Houghton Mifflin, I can think of few problems more urgently in need of congressional attention than this takeover wave. ■

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Tidbits and Outrages

Protective Custody

William Rhett Zambito, a convict, "cooperated" with federal authorities in investigations of drug rings and other crimes. He was transferred to the federal prison in Atlanta, but prison officials were not informed that he had been a cooperating witness. Less than 24 hours after his arrival in Atlanta he was found stabbed to death in his bunk.

How to Make Feminism Work For You

The city of Ottawa, Canada, has agreed to give six-month paternity leave to new fathers among its professional employees. This leave, according to *The Wall Street Journal,* is identical to what the city gives to female employees who become mothers.

Let's Reimburse Them For the Girls Too

Martin Marietta Corporation sued *The Washington Star* for libel because the *Star* ran an article alleging that Martin Marietta had entertained Pentagon officials with prostitutes. The suit was dismissed. Now Martin Marietta, according to Robert Kaiser of *The Washington Post,* is asking the Pentagon to pay its legal costs contending that they were a normal cost of doing business with the Defense Department.

We're Fine on Thumb Screws, Thank God

South African police, according to a *Reuters* report from Pretoria, have run short of leg irons and advertised for 200 more pairs.

Love to Rescue You, Darlings, But Our Schedule is *So* Jammed

Here is a recent report by Henry Kamm of *The New York Times:*

"Bangkok, Thailand, June 22—Capt. Edgar A. Silverio has just saved the lives of 31 people, but in view of the fact that a year ago he rescued 18 others, he is worried whether he will be allowed to keep his job.

"Captain Silverio, a 37-year-old Filipino, is master of the freighter Tomoco, operated by a Japanese concern and flying the Panamanian flag of convenience. The 31 who are alive today because of him are Vietnamese who were escaping from their country in a small fishing boat, as were the 18 whom he rescued last June.

"So disturbed are shipowners and operators at the losses of time resulting from their ships having picked up Vietnamese 'boat people' because of the unwillingness of most Asian countries to let them ashore, that over the last year or so, since the flow of such refugees became sizable, they have cautioned their captains not to rescue them.

"This is a violation of the traditional law of the sea, which obliges ships to come to the rescue of any vessel in peril. Although the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees and many national officials have appealed to shipowners and captains not to leave refugees to the mercy of the sea, hardly a refugee boat has reached land whose passengers do not tell of having been passed by in distress.

"How many 'boat people' drown at sea will never be known, but it is considered doubtful that more than half the boats that set out from Vietnam's long coast reach land.

"The Tomoco was the 15th ship to pass the small craft carrying the 31 refugees. The previous one, whose home port was Singapore, stopped long enough to drop some food and drink to the exhausted and hungry Vietnamese—14 men, eight women and nine children, the youngest 10 months old—but did not heed their pleas to be taken aboard.

"A United Nations official said that the Tomoco was the only ship that had rescued refugees more than once. 'Of the 12 ships that sail for my company, I am the only one who would pick up refugees,' the captain said."

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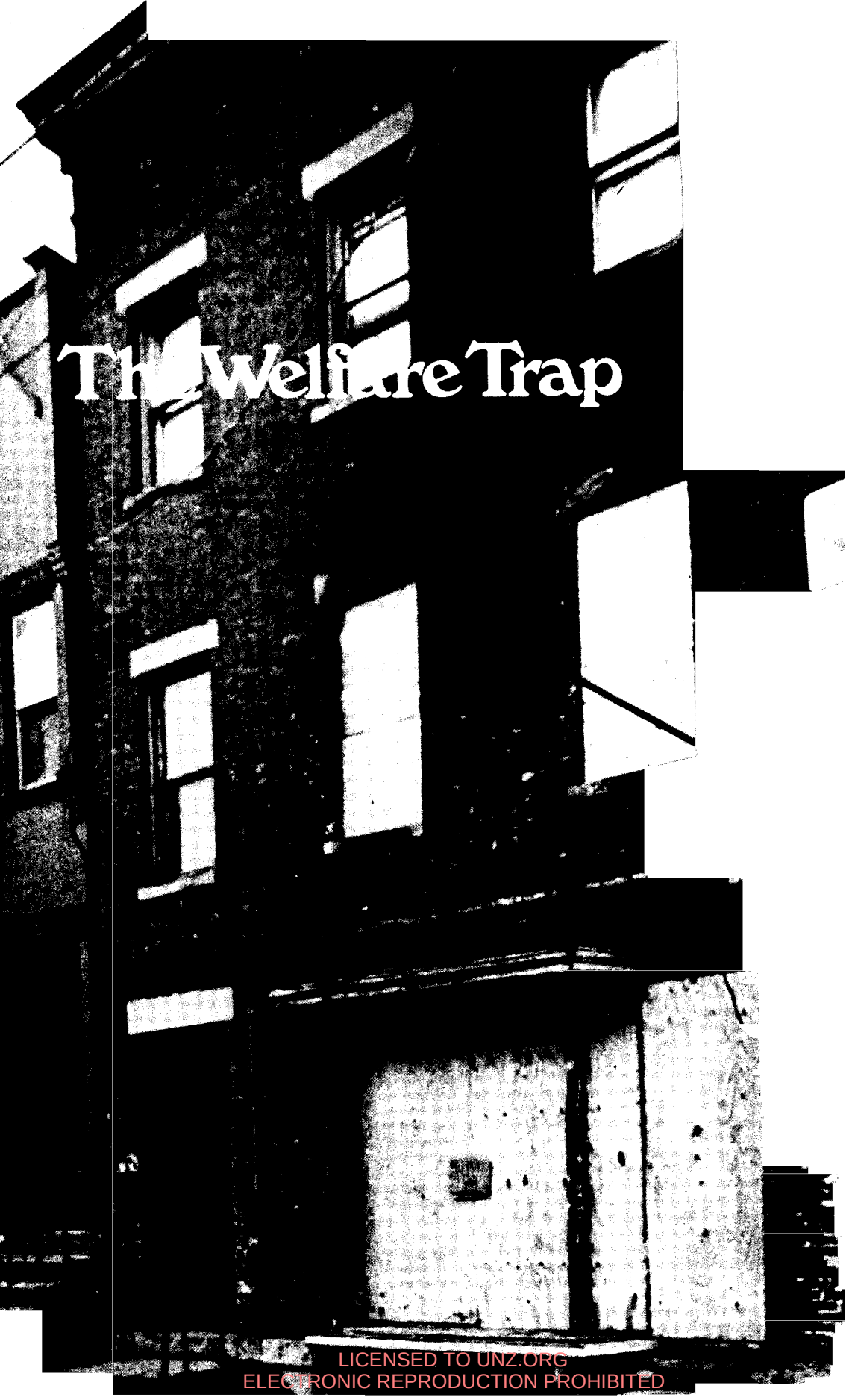

The Welfare Trap

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by George Gilder

Bev's weaknesses as a mother were understandable. She was 14 years old. Perhaps at age 14 a girl brought up as Beverly was lacks the maturity to raise a small child. Beverly's chief problem was not her biological age, nor even her psychological condition. Her problem was government policy. Girls under age 16 are not eligible for funds as mothers under Aid for Families with Dependent Children (ADC or AFDC). Therefore, if they want to keep their children, they must rely on men with jobs—normally young men, with mediocre jobs; in Bev's case, Sam on unemployment, promising to go to work at $3 an hour for a few months when it ran out. As was clear to most women on Clinton Avenue in the Albany, New York ghetto, a man with a job anywhere near the minimum wage cannot begin to compete with welfare in providing for children. A year's income at the minimum wage, in fact, was worth about $1,500 less after taxes than welfare, food stamps, and Medicaid for a mother and child.

Being under 16, however, Bev needed a man who could support her while Sam's and her daughter, Melissa, was a baby. Sam temporized for a while and then, in April, joined his friend Phil at a blacktopping company. Sam's job was pushing a wheelbarrow full of asphalt.

In October, blacktopping and other construction jobs expired, and Bev persuaded Sam to get new work. His friend Red told him of a job for $2.50 an hour at Concord Lumber Company. Sam took it. For a year, he operated a fork lift (illegally, for he lacked a license), unloaded freight cars, and delivered lumber and other wooden building materials to Albany addresses by truck, using a series of temporary driver's permits.

At Concord Lumber in 1973, Sam earned approximately $100 a week before taxes, $87 after. Fifteen dollars

George Gilder is a writer living in Albany, New York. This article is adapted from his book, Visible Man: A True Story of Post-Racist America, *Basic Books, Inc. Publishers. © 1978 by George Gilder.*

Joe Traver

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went to support Michelle, his child from an earlier liaison. This left $62 to bring back to Beverly. Toward the end of the year, his take-home pay rose to $118 ($3.50 an hour). But his child support payments jumped to $25, leaving him $93 on those rare occasions he bothered to pay the new amount to Michelle's mother, Betty.

ADC Babies

In Betty's belated court actions to enforce child support, Sam had encountered one of the most perverse aspects of welfare crackdowns. In justifying these suits, the newspapers normally evoke images of wealthy stockbrokers abandoning their wives and children and forcing them onto the welfare rolls. The more usual case involves a young man, never married, who scarcely knows the welfare-ticket children whom some woman is assigning to him, sometimes by guesswork, on a welfare questionnaire; children who were in many cases conceived by their mothers in an atmosphere of economic safety created by ADC. They are really ADC's babies. As welfare rolls exploded under the welfare-rights and poverty programs of the 1960s, the illegitimacy rate for first or welfare-ticket births to teenage blacks rose to nearly 60 per cent.

Most of the time the welfare system pays little attention to the names of the absent fathers of children supported and in part induced by welfare. The applicant lists the fathers if she knows them, but only rarely does the government actually investigate. But this time they investigated Sam, found him to be guilty of receiving a legal wage, hauled him into family court, and made him pay the $15 a week.

In the early months of Melissa's life, Sam was getting only the $62 a week from Concord Lumber to bring home to Bev. This amount was inadequate to buy food and rent, and beer and television, for a family of three in Albany in 1973.

During 1973, they spent some of their time with Sam's mother, some with friends of Sam along Clinton, some with Phil and his girlfriend, Sandra, in a basement, and some at $5 a night in a small rooming house. They could afford to live from day to day, because soon enough at age 16, Beverly would come into money. Becoming an officially "poor" adult with children, she would qualify at last as a welfare mother, eligible for ADC—money that would not be burnt up before it reached her; money that would not be taxed, or stop at Dinty's bar on the way home, or be siphoned off for the welfare-ticket kids of old girl friends.

Of course, Bev could not get these benefits unless Sam left his job and pretended to leave her apartment. So, of course, soon enough, he would. Why work at a job that would not increase at all the money available to his children—that merely would displace ADC and make some district attorney look artificially tough?

Penalizing Work

The worst thing he could do, for both of them, would be to commit himself to a mediocre career and marry Beverly. Then Bev would lose most of her welfare, and by her legal tie to Sam complicate greatly her future status with ADC. Once on ADC, a woman quickly learns not to complicate her status; that only means more paperwork and more chances to be kicked off the welfare rolls during those periods when the politicians decide to "crack down" and "tighten up" in their inevitably capricious and unpredictable way. Crackdowns invariably focus on welfare mothers who are married and thus are identifiably tied to a job-holder. So they create a further disincentive to both work and marriage.

Of course, as Bev well knew, welfare is only one of many programs that penalize work. Among Bev's other losses, if she married a man with a job, would be Medicaid (about $2,000 a year) and food stamps ($1,044 net, at a rate of $20 a week for $42 worth of food).

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In 1973, Bev was too young to have the welfare option. This was the only year after Sam met Bev, therefore, that he spent working daily. Toward the end, in fact, he even received a full dollar's increase in his hourly wage. Beverly needed his money then.

"I didn't like it, but he was boss," she said. Whether or not she enjoyed his bossing, she also says that "those were the best times for Sam and me." They were the best times despite the lack of any place they could call their own, despite the frequent pressures of a difficult child in diapers, despite an income and benefit level far below what welfare would bring them later.

Their free housing arrangements, sponged from parents and friends, did save them rent. They were left a substantial amount of spending money after Sam got a raise and stopped paying Betty. But Sam thought it was time that he and Bev rented their own place. They moved into cramped quarters at 871 Clinton, two rooms for $125 a month. There they lived during the suspenseful days as Beverly's 16th birthday approached. Both of them looked forward eagerly to the day.

For Sam, it would mean their moving into a large apartment, off Clinton Avenue, and it would mean a kind of liberation. He would no longer have to take so much "shit" at work, no longer have to cringe before his boss when he was late, or get up early in the morning after a long night at Dinty's. He would not necessarily leave his job, he thought, but he would damn well do it on his own terms.

To Bev, welfare also meant a bigger apartment in a better part of town. But as her birthday approached, she also began to see ADC in other ways. She also began to entertain the idea of liberation. If she had money, she would go out with other guys, as Sam, she suspected, was already sometimes philandering. In time, she thought, she might be able to get rid of Sam altogether. Welfare, she hoped, could give her a new life.

Then, on July 26, the day before her birthday, Sam went off to work and did not come back. Early that evening, she heard he had been arrested and jailed for failure to make child support payments to Betty. Sam in jail was for Beverly both a final blow and a welcome opportunity. She resolved that when she went on welfare she would leave him.

A Dangerous Life

Normally a late sleeper, who sheepishly tells friends not to call on her before noon, on July 27, 1974, Beverly awoke early, scrubbed clean, and dressed in her best clothes. She left Melissa with a neighbor and went off to pick up Sandra and Gloria for the expedition to the County Office of Social Services. They arrived in the lurid yellow waiting room, low-ceilinged, fluorescent-lighted, at nine o'clock sharp and lined up to get an application form.

Almost half the applicants were men, mostly middle-aged and seemingly

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hung over, many uncombed and unshaven, in several layers of soiled clothes, seeking entry into the work relief category. This form of welfare for the childless, which at best pays less than half ADC's amounts, requires its recipients to work about 40 hours a month, usually sweeping floors or emptying ashtrays, whether they need it or not, at one of the city's social service or community action centers. Sam tried it once and immediately decided that he was better off as an unlisted welfare recipient: one of the hundreds of thousands of men who feed off the welfare system without joining it—by feeding off welfare mothers without marrying them.

It was a dangerous life because without money the currency of the streets is ingenuity, violence, and sex. The mothers eventually get bored with the sex and frightened by the violence of moneyless men, and try to kick them out. A man on the way out has to find another woman quickly, elbow another man aside, that very night if possible, to get food and lodging.

In the Welfare Line

But to Sam anything seemed better than the humiliation of standing in a line with the expectant women and wearied beaten men at the Office of Social Services in order to win the privilege of emptying clean ashtrays at PAD (the Parents Against Drugs center). As an uncounted free rider on welfare, Sam was independent. Except for an occasional dash to the closet or window with an armful of clothes, he was exempt from crackdowns and investigations, free from the need to lie endlessly to social workers about outside income, free from all the little emasculations that the system chooses to inflict on its male recipients whenever public indignation at welfare rises.

The indignation is at "cheats" and "frauds," but the crackdowns are normally against new applicants in emergencies—defeated men without work or a woman, or women newly arrived from the South—or persons linked by marriage to a wage-earner, whether present or not. The crackdowns rarely affect men like Sam who exploit welfare mothers already fully qualified.

Surrounded by friends that morning, Beverly, in her frilly white blouse with a peek-a-boo décolletage and her pink slacks luminous under the fluorescent tubes, was experiencing none of the humiliation of welfare. In the line of glum applicants, she even managed to smile at the red "be cheerful" cards and yellow "smile" faces on the wall. Then she saw her old favorite foster parent, Steve Rabelli, a pleasantly sleek security guard with a thin black mustache, who worked at the welfare office. She jumped up, squealed, clapped her hands, put out and cast down her half-smoked Winston, and ran up to him. It took all his official dignity to escape a wet kiss. He did greet her warmly, though, making her feel still more at home.

After she filled out the forms with one of the receiving clerks downstairs and had her picture taken for an ID card, she was sent to the Child Services and Housing departments upstairs. In Child Services, she met more of her friends from the old days, when *she* was the recipient child. They wanted to know all about Melissa and beamed warmly when Bev bubbled on about the baby's smile, her first upright steps, her light caramel complexion, her 25 pretty pounds. "Sam's a good father, too. All I could ask," she added, oblivious to her contrary statements downstairs. Then she went to the housing unit, where she was given a form for a landlord to fill out and a list of the phone numbers of 23 landlords who were known to welcome tenants on public assistance.

Dreaming About Vegas

Altogether the process took about three hours, until noon, when the three girls left to get a lunch of fish and chips at a fast food restaurant in a nearby savings bank building. Beverly had listed Sam as Melissa's absent father, of unknown whereabouts. She told her

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friends, over a pile of french fries and catsup, that she didn't expect to stay with him much longer. She mentioned that she might even go visit her mother in Utah, where jobs, she had heard, were plentiful for young women and where she could leave Lissa with her mother. "And it's only a hundred miles from Las Vegas," Bev said, "Oo la la!"

A Fight With Sam

That afternoon, after a session in family court at which his child support payment was raised to $25 a week, Sam went to 871 Clinton Avenue to await Bev's return from welfare. He sat in a big battered armchair in front of the $30 Salvation Army TV and sullenly watched the afternoon's succession of game shows, soaps, and personality interviews flicker by in a blurred gray. Then Beverly came back.

"Hey, I thought you were in jail," she greeted him.

"Nah," he said. "You get on welfare all right?"

"Yep," she said. "No trouble."

"That's good," he said, "cause I'm thinkin' of not goin' to Concord tomorrow."

"I think you should keep going, Sam, you should keep workin'." She sounded concerned.

"Yeah . . . but they've been givin' me a lot of shit. I might be able to get something better anyway."

"Well, you should do something," Bev said earnestly, in a way that alerted him to trouble.

"Why you so hot on me workin' anyway, if you're on welfare?" Sam spoke with a note of apprehension.

"I been thinkin' of maybe movin' out," she said.

"Yeah, we should get out of here now," Sam replied. "Welfare will pay for it—give us moving expenses, won't they?"

"Maybe . . . but I'd like to be alone with Lissa for awhile," she said.

Sam stood up angrily. "What you mean *alone* with Lissa for awhile? The hell you say."

"Just maybe 'til the welfare man comes by," she said quickly.

"You just let *me* worry 'bout those mothers," he said.

"Well, I just want to be alone," she said. "You got plenty of money."

Sam reached out abruptly and slapped her hard in the face. Bev suddenly realized he was in a rage.

"Damn you, bitch," he said. "You get some money and you just think you can move out. Who the hell is it? Tell me who the fuck it is."

"Ain't nobody. I just want to get away, that's all. Get away from you yellin' and hittin' me. . . ."

"I'll give you somethin' to talk about 'less you tell me who it is." He grabbed her by the throat and Bev realized that she was in danger. It happened that suddenly. It was the only time she could remember Sam getting so violent without being drunk. "Tell me," he yelled furiously, shaking her against the chair, "tell me." She opened her mouth in a soundless scream. Then he tossed her down on the bed and kicked a beer can across the room.

Finally Bev said, "I didn't mean nothin'. Honest. I din't mean I don't love you, Sam. I love you Sam. Ain't nobody else. I love you." She burst into loud sobs.

"Where you move to, I move," he said firmly, settling the matter. Then he lay down beside her, looking dully at the ceiling. After a minute, she reached out a hand toward him, and they clung to one another, shaking quietly for a long time.

Doing Well on Welfare

A few days later, they moved together to 98 Columbia Street, a handsome gray stone building on a steep hill next to the County Courthouse. It was a large, airy three-room apartment, owned, coincidentally, by a lawyer Beverly had met in family court. The apartment cost $165 a month, and though Sam was irked at having to crowd into the closet with all his obvious belongings whenever the landlord or welfare investigator knocked on the door, he and Bev now

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had more money between them than ever before. In any case, if he stayed in the back room and kept the television on at all times to conceal voices, he felt safe enough.

After about three weeks at Columbia Street, Sam lost his job at the lumber company. It was not because of anything he did, though his work and attendance had become more fitful as time passed. Concord simply went out of business due to a recession in housing. The Albany Mall, a monumental complex of state office buildings, was nearing completion, mortgage interest rates were soaring, and the national economy entered a serious slump, in which housing starts plummeted. It was a time when you had to be rich to afford a new house, and new "middle income" housing projects were charging $400 a month for three-room apartments. Sam found himself back at Columbia Street watching television in the afternoons.

Even though Sam was not earning any money—except for an odd job on the side—they did well financially on Columbia Street. Beverly's welfare check was $165 on the first and the 16th of every month, which meant that one whole payment went for rent. But $20 would get her $42 worth of food stamps which could be used virtually as cash at most stores. They spent only $20 a week on food. That left them about $120 a month for clothes, utensils, and entertainment. They often went to the movies with Phil and Sandra, rarely missing a Kung Fu or karate film, a genre that Beverly enjoyed about as much as Sam.

In all this spending, Beverly was in control. "She paid the rent so I had to do what she said," Sam says. Though she fed him and bought him clothes—socks and underwear—she rarely gave him more than $5 at a time. She felt he would spend it on beer and gambling and she knew that Sam, with several dollars worth of beer in him, after a series of losing rolls of the dice, was a dangerous and unpleasant person to have around. One day she found him at Dinty's, having lost about $20 of his own money, drunk and surly, and persisting in the game on borrowed quarters, and she grabbed him by the arm to try to take him home. "You ugly dumb nigger," she said, causing the group around him to laugh uproariously. He pulled his arm away, jerking her towards him, and hit at her with his right. He didn't mean to hit her hard, he swears now, and she agrees. But the momentum of her head against his fist broke her jaw and two front teeth. "And I always had pretty teeth," she says now. Although she didn't press charges and Sam felt doubly humiliated and apologetic, she decided then and there to leave him.

Bev's mother had said she was really set up well with Bob in Utah. So, two weeks later, Bev left for the West, investing $90 from her $165 check in a bus ticket. With Lissa sleeping on the floor between the seats in back in a heavy overcoat, and Bev herself warmed by hopes for success in the Sunbelt, she rode for three days and nights—from Cleveland to Chicago, through Nebraska to Salt Lake City, and finally to Silma, Utah, a small town in the desert well over a hundred miles from Las Vegas.

She found her mother and her boyfriend, Bob, living for $18 a week in a cramped motel room, with no air conditioning and a fitful shower, across the street from a junkyard called Ernie's where Bob worked dismantling automobiles. Bev noticed that Bob seemed cruder than usual and her mother had lost her looks completely. They spent much time trying to borrow money from Beverly. There was no work and far less welfare. Before two weeks passed, Bev packed up again and headed back toward the East and Sam, another dream dissolved, another way out closed. She got back in time to pick up her next welfare check, but the landlord had chained off the apartment and Sam was gone. People on Clinton Avenue told her he had been drinking and gambling heavily on borrowed money and was living with his mother. Bev was very pleased, despite her still-tender jaw, to hear that he missed her badly. ■

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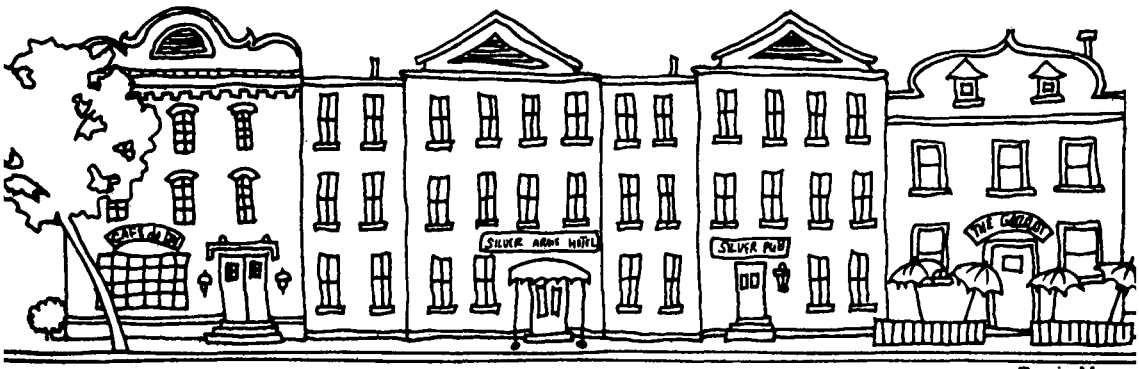

Roxie Munro

Where to Stay in Washington

GEORGETOWN

Many of our readers have work that brings them to Washington. This regular feature is to help make their stay a pleasant one—information about where to stay and where to eat. Whether you're on a tight budget or a generous expense account, we'll try to guide you to the right places. This month we cover Georgetown, the old colonial section of Washington, just a five-minute commute across Rock Creek Park from downtown.

The Georgetown Dutch Inn, 1075 Thomas Jefferson St., NW, 337-0900. Single, $42-$46; double $50-$54; penthouse, $90-$110. $6 per person additional. No charge for children. This small—46 rooms—hotel on a quiet side street in the part of Georgetown closest to downtown, was designed as an apartment building, so every room is actually a suite with kitchenette, sitting/dining area, and separate bedroom(s). The decor is undistinguished, but the rooms are nevertheless very fresh and cheerful. Especially attractive are the two-bedroom, two-story penthouses. The **Entre Nous** restaurant in the hotel serves only lunch and dinner, so there are free donuts and coffee in the lobby mornings. Swimming pool on the roof; free parking, pets allowed.

The Georgetown Inn, 1310 Wisconsin Ave., NW, 333-8900. Single, $44-$52; double, $54-$62; suites (with wet bar), $85, $95. Cots $10 extra. Children under 12 free (no cots). 95 rooms. The Inn is located right in the center of the Georgetown shopping center. The rooms are attractive, most in colonial style. The Four Georges Restaurant serves breakfast, lunch, and dinner, not at coffee-shop prices. Free parking, no pets.

Holiday Inn, 2101 Wisconsin Ave., NW, 338-4600. Single, $36-$40; double, $40, $45; suites (with wet bar), $75, $125. 200 rooms. Children free. This brand-new, very Holiday-Inn hotel is an easy three-block walk downhill to Georgetown. There are three meeting rooms, coffee shop, restaurant, and lounge and disco, and an outdoor swimming pool. Free parking outdoors, pets allowed.

While your choice of accommodations in Georgetown is limited to the above (a fourth hotel is under construction, ready spring '79), there are plenty of places to eat—from Afghan to Mexican to Vietnamese to good old American, from carry-out pizza to *carre d'agneau a l'ail et au persil.* Of the over 100 eateries in the 20 blocks along Wisconsin Avenue, M Street, and nearby side streets, here are some we thought you might like to know about:

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Someone has observed that there is probably a higher concentration of quiche and crepes per block in Georgetown than in Montmartre. The grand mere of Washington's French restaurants, the **Rive Gauche**—a Kennedy era watering hole—is at the corner of Wisconsin and M. The old elegance and high prices prevail, but the cuisine has not done quite as well. At **Le Pescadou,** 3280 M St., the prices are high, but you will find consistently good fish entrees. **La Chaumiere,** 2813 M St., offers nice, simple provincial food at moderate prices, in equally nice, simple surroundings. And you won't go wrong at **Chez Odette,** 3063 M St, an old-timer, where the food is good, but not great, the atmosphere comfortable country French, and the prices modest. The main attraction of **Jour et Nuit,** 30th and M Sts., is its setting—the second story of an 18th-century home with enclosed terrace. The food is okay but expensive.

For truly authentic French cafe atmosphere and food at moderate prices, go to **Au Pied de Cochon,** 1335 Wisconsin Ave., with a lot of other people who have discovered it. One door away is **Aux Fruits de Mer,** serving cafe-style fish dishes. **La Ruche,** 1206 30th St., is a very attractive, small, restaurant with good cafe food and sinful pastries and desserts at reasonable prices. The cuisine of **Cafe de Paris,** 3056 M St., one of the first cafes, does not match up to the others. But it's open 24 hours and is a good place to sit and talk over coffee and inexpensive food, In the same block is **Le Steak,** 3060 M St., the one-entree French restaurant, where for $13.50 you get consistently good, cooked-to-order steak in a splendid sauce, delicious, crispy fries, salad with a hefty garlic dressing, and dessert. But if all the foregoing seems too routine for your taste, step a half block out of Georgetown proper to **La Nicoise,** 1721 Wisconsin Ave., where you can spend lots on either very good or pretty bad food—but there's a chance you won't notice one way or the other as you spend the evening watching the waiters deliver their goods on roller skates.

Some alternatives to French cuisine: Pub food and atmosphere is available at reasonable prices at **Clyde's,** 3236 M St., (large, trendy, often crowded), **F. Scott's,** 1232 36th St., (less crowded, 1930s-style music in the background), and **Publick House,** 3218 M St. Meat has started sneaking into the menu at **The Big Cheese,** 3139 M St., but you really shouldn't go there unless you're pretty wild about and are willing to pay high prices for a cheese entree. A number of dishes are very good, however, and it's a pleasant, attractive restaurant.

If you're into small hotels - you ought to get into the Tabard Inn, Washington, D.C.

Washington's original natural food restaurant, **Yes!,** 1039 31st St., is still operating naturally and at modest prices.

The best of Washington's Indian restaurants, the **Apana,** is in Georgetown, 3066 M St. The delicately flavored dishes served in a charming atmosphere are worth the high prices. **El Tio Pepe,** 2809 M St., has expensive, good Spanish food and flamenco dancers, while next door at **Enriqueta's,** 2811 M St., you'll find honest-to-goodness Mexican—*not* Tex-Mex—cooking at reasonable prices. There are two good, moderately priced Vietnamese restaurants, **The Viet Huong,** 2932 M St., more intimate and lower priced, and next door the **Vietnam Georgetown,** more hectic but there's a rear garden and some of the dishes are a bit better. The decor at **Trudie's,** 3299 M St., is definitely handsome but doesn't justify the high prices and very poor Chinese food. And the Italians aren't unrepresented: of several Italian-style restaurants, **Geppetto,** 2917 M St., is an excellent bargain—very good, simple food at reasonable prices. And yes, when you suddenly realize that all you really want is just a plain old burger and fries in a bag, **Roy Rogers,** 1226 Wisconsin Ave., and the **Little Tavern,** 1301 Wisconsin Ave. or 3331 M St., will always be waiting to help you out.

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Richard Reeves on Political Books

This column is about the failures of capitalism and why Johnny may or may not be able to read. But it must begin with the story of the splattering condor. The bird in question is the first character in a book called *The Best Thing on TV: Commercials* by Jon Price, which will be published in October by The Viking Press.

The condor, it seems, was going to be the centerpiece of an airline commercial—giant bird wheeling gracefully in the desert sky and all that. The condor was dropped from a plateau 200 feet above the desert floor. The condor couldn't fly, a fact the film crew from New York had neglected to check when they bought the thing. "The crew was filming," according to the book, "the actors were acting, and the bird went straight down and splattered."

Cut to Aspen, Colorado, where I was speaking at this year's International Design Conference. Pontificating on television, I grandly offered the opinion that people who blamed television for a real or imagined crisis in American education were a bunch of idiots. Television, I said, was here to stay, the basic technology was irresistible and irreversible and that what had to change was not television, but education. Children are different than we were, their brains are developing differently and our teaching and molding of them has to accommodate to a new reality—as education once had to accommodate to the reality of the printing press.

The next speaker was Richard Levinson, a television writer and producer who created, among many other things, "Columbo" and "That Certain Summer." Before he went on, he said: "If you're right about that, then you should be thinking about the advertising people, the people who make commercials know much more about using television than someone like me."

Price, a teacher of drama and television at the University of Bridgeport, confirms what Levinson said. Making commercials, he writes, is nothing less than "psychological war for the hearts and minds of the people." In the mass, I suppose the same could be said of education—and, if as a society, we are losing that war, perhaps we should call on captains who know how to fight.

We could do worse than recruiting the people whose work—commercials—Price describes, obviously but

Richard Reeves is the author of Convention. *His column is a regular feature of* The Washington Monthly.

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intriguingly, in this way:

"They're coldly calculated: Since a commercial is designed as part of a marketing strategy, its objectives are studiously worked out beforehand; compared to program writers, the creators of commercials are far more conscious of the impact they are making."

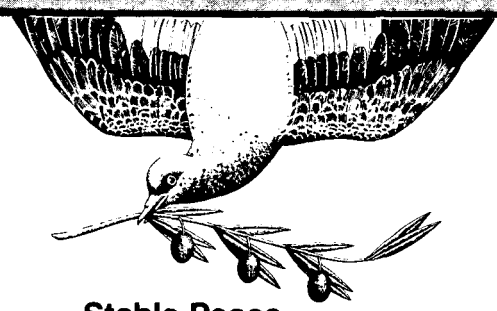
"They're carefully written: Since every second costs more than two thousand dollars, crack writers sand every idea and plan every camera angle for maximum effect, making the authors of '60 Minutes' look like tourists casually writing home."

"They're highly edited: Our culture is learning faster perception per second thanks to editing techniques that show us a hundred bottles of beer on a wall in 27 seconds, or 65 pictures of McDonald's breakfasts in 60 seconds; we follow them, and when we return to the slower editing of real programming—not to mention the scenes of real life—we may find the pace unaccountably dull."

"Real life," as propagated at the National Education Association, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare and the Ford Foundation may, in fact, be the problem. "Myths" is a loaded word, but it's the one Price settles on to describe commercials, going on to say:

"Commercials, like myths, teach children the important illusions of a culture; they are one way we train our children to read, count, compare (bad versus good, better, best, and jumbo), follow stories, sing along, memorize and doubt claims. In brief, commercials give children the superficial markings of our nation, the tags of our tribe."

With limited credentials—an 18-year-old daughter and a 16-year-old son—I suspect Price is right. Perhaps the Ford Foundation could work up a grant for a couple of coldly calculating advertising agencies to think about how to teach Johnny to read, write, see, and understand. The ad people would probably love it—I'm assuming they would jump at any opportunity to assuage their guilt for what their commercials did to my kids' teeth. ■



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political book notes

Public affairs books to be published in September

Acting Out: Coping with Big City Schools. Roland Betts. Little Brown, $8.95.

The Adirondack Park: A Political History. Frank Graham. Knopf, $12.95.

America For Sale. Kenneth C. Crowe. Doubleday, $10.

The American Occupation of Germany: Retreat to Victory. Edward N. Peterson. Wayne State, $18.95.

The Assassination of Robert F. Kennedy. John Christian, William Turner. Random House, $10. Turner and Christian challenge the conclusion that the slaying of Robert F. Kennedy in June 1968 was simply the random, irrational act of a lone assassin named Sirhan Sirhan. "There has to be more to it," Ted Kennedy said to Sander Vanocur on the flight carrying RFK's body back to New York.

The authors maintain that indeed there was more to it. Starting out with a wildly implausible theory right out of *The Manchurian Candidate*, they proceed by a combination of hard digging and some not-too-unreasonable speculation to chip away at the reader's initial skepticism. The theory, which has been raised and contested in the ten years since the tragedy, is that Sirhan was "hypnoprogrammed" to assassinate Robert Kennedy and to block out of his memory all recollection of those who programmed him.

During Sirhan's trial it emerged that he was, in fact, an easily hypnotizable subject and had probably been hypnotized many times in the past. His attorney suggested that at the time of the killing Sirhan was in a trance—but a self-induced trance. For different reasons, neither the defense nor the prosecution wanted the idea of conspiracy introduced: the prosecution had its man and didn't want the waters muddied; and for the defense, evidence of conspiracy would demolish the case for Sirhan having been temporarily off his rocker.

In any unproven charge of conspiracy, a coverup is an essential part of the scenario. The villain Christian and Turner indict is the Los Angeles Police Department, and here the fabric stretches thin. The authors, for example, unable to obtain from any of several public schools he has attended the photograph of a boy linked to Sirhan, darkly hint that the LAPD got there first and removed the photos. It strains the credulity, too, to be offered the hypnoprogramming thesis *and* the claim that the shots that killed RFK were fired by someone other than Sirhan.

Despite such excesses of zeal, *The Assassination of Robert F. Kennedy* is a major work of reportorial investigation and will rekindle the controversies involving the wave of political shootings in recent years.

—Leonard Reed

Beyond Boom and Crash. Robert L. Heilbroner. Norton, $6.95. The impending crisis of capitalism, long an article of faith to all but the most revisionist socialists, has become a familiar theme in the popular culture of capitalism. One has only to scan popular literature such as Paul Erdman's *The Crash of '79*, the financial advice columns of *New York* magazine, or even serious business magazines such as *Fortune, Forbes*, and *Business Week*, to read economic predictions that make Karl Marx read like a copywriter for Mobil. Today's American capitalist appears less than optimistic about the survival—much less the growth and prosperity—of our economic system.

In this brief (112 pages) tract, Robert Heilbroner argues that "another crisis of capitalism is upon us" and predicts that this latest crisis may be the last.

Echoing many younger radical economists, Heilbroner maintains that our economic system depends largely upon United States dominance over the world capitalist economy, if not the entire world economy. Several events during the last decade shattered American dominance without creating a new dominant capitalist power to replace us as the kingpin of the world economy. 1968 saw not only the beginning of American defeat in Indochina, but also the first run on the American dollar in the world money market. With the initiation of the Arab oil embargo in 1973, 25 years of almost unbroken economic expansion came to a halt in North America and Western Europe.

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Philologist
Pollyanna
Cassandra
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Follower
Writer
Reader
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Merchant of death
Agrarian reformer
Tobacco farmer
Greengrocer
Greenskeeper
Trivialist
Quarterback
Quartermaster
Corporation executive
Construction worker
Economic royalist
Malefactor of great wealth
Working stiff
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Social worker
KGB
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Star maker
Star warrior
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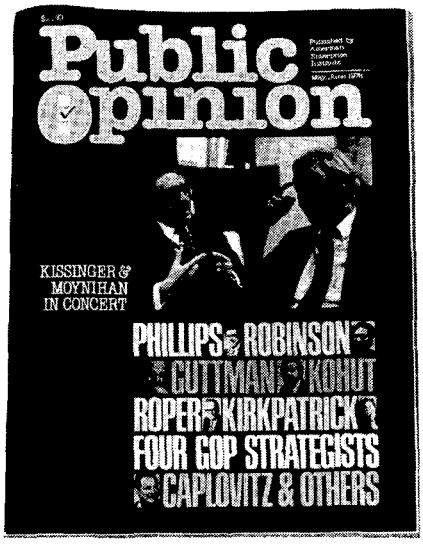

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Over the horizon, Heilbroner sees more of the same—rising prices for raw materials; shortages of food, fuel, and minerals; soaring inflation; and increasing social demands upon a stagnating economy. The fundamental crisis of capitalism, according to Heilbroner, remains the contradiction that Marx perceived more than a century ago—an ever-more-centralized economy, remaining under private control and without rational planning. At the very least, Heilbroner predicts, the next economic crisis will trigger the evolution of the American economy from a simple welfare state into a centrally planned economy.

—*Harry Lesser*

Blackboard Tyranny. Connaught Coyne Marshner. Arlington House, $11.95.

The Blue Man. Thomas R. Atkins. Doubleday, $8.95 (fiction). Although this police procedural features a plot to kill Ike during the 1952 campaign, it should not be lumped with the *Day-of-the-Jackal* genre. Atkins, co-author of the best-selling *The Fire Came By,* is primarily telling a mystery; but in passing, he mordantly comments on the politics of 1952. And his eponymous killer is chillingly different from the usual might-have-been hit-man.

Breadth and Depth in Economics: Fritz Machlup—The Man and His Ideas. Jacob S. Dreyer, ed. Lexington, $16.

Coal in the U.S. Energy Market: History and Prospects. Richard L. Gordon. Lexington, $17.

The Codetermination Movement in the West: Labor Participation in the Management of Business Firms. Svetozar Pejovich, ed. Lexington, $18.

The Crime of World Power: Politics Without Government in the International System. Richard A. Aliano. Putnam, $15.

Delusion and Reality: Gambits, Hoaxes and Diplomatic One-Upmanship in Vietnam. Janos Radvanyi. Gateway, $10.95.

The Execution of Charles Horman: An American Sacrifice. Thomas Hauser. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $8.95.

The First World and The Third World: Essays on the New International Economic Order. Karl Brunner, ed. University of Rochester, $9.95/$3.95.

Germany: 1866-1945. Gordon A. Craig. Oxford, $19.95.

The Giant Jigsaw Puzzle: Democratic Committee Assignments in the Modern House. Kenneth A. Shepsle. University of Chicago, $30.

A History of Social Welfare and Social Work in the United States. James Leiby. Columbia, $17.50.

Inflation and the Money Supply in the United States, 1956-1977. Peter I. Berman. Lexington, $12.95.

International Business in the Pacific Basin. R. Hal Mason, ed. Lexington, $18.

Kings or People: Power and the Mandate to Rule. Reinhard Bendix. University of California, $20.

The Million Dollar Lawyers. Joseph C. Goulden. Putnam, $10.95. The million dollar lawyers are a shady bunch. They're the "Bombers," a Fifth Avenue firm of divorce specialists for upper-crust New Yorkers who'll resort to any "legal high explosives available to help a client with a case;" the stock market shysters, the corporate and personal injury professionals, and the medical malpractice moguls, all of whom will command six-figure fees without so much as batting an eyelash.

And Joseph Goulden is a self-professed "lawyer-freak," a guy who's been willing to spend several years of his life tracking them down, shaking their hands, taking them out to lunch, and collecting their how-I-won anecdotes. (He's already written another book on the subject, *The Superlawyers.*) Everything about lawyers seems to fascinate him—their huckstering, their bluffing, their stonewalling, and their high-stakes courtroom strategies—the kind of stuff they never teach you in law school.

Goulden is a great storyteller. If you like reading about the behind-the-scenes machinations of high-level corporate counsel, then this book is for you. At its best, the book touches on a multi-million-dollar litigation involving IBM and Telex, and allegations that a leak from the Supreme Court staff may have influenced the outcome.

But don't expect anything too deep. The author has left out, in his own words, any "ersatz political philosophy." Although he manages to

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shake a finger at unconscionable lawyers when the opportunity arises, Goulden gets so carried away by the wining, the dining and the telling that he ends up being seduced by the supershysters himself.

—*Janet Marinelli*

Minority Admissions. Robert L. Bailey with Anne L. Hafner. Lexington, $18.

Modern Medical Mistakes. Edward C. Lambert. Indiana University, $10.95.

Mushroom: The Story of the A-Bomb Kid. John A. Phillips, David Michaelis. Morrow, $8.95. Remember John Aristotle Phillips? If not, he and his friend have written a book to remind you—Phillips is the Princeton student who created such a splash a few years ago when he designed a plutonium fusion bomb as a class project, using material readily available in the Library of Congress. Unfortunately, this book is about the splash, not the bomb, as we watch our hero change from average physics student into media superstar, sex symbol, and commentator on his generation.

The National Purpose Reconsidered. Dona Baron. Columbia, $12.50.

The North Will Rise Again: Pensions, Politics, and Power in the 1980's. Jeremy Rifkin, Randy Barber. Beacon Press, $10.95/$4.95. Jeremy Rifkin is a hustler—and what's wrong with being a hustler? Blessed with the capacity to spot trends before they happen, Rifkin has cashed in on topical issues just before they've hit the front pages. Rifkin launched the People's Bicentennial Commission, now the People's Business Commission, in 1972. More recently, he wrote one of the first books on human biogenetic engineering, *Who Should Play God?*

Now Rifkin and Randy Barber have hit upon another issue that may become, quite literally, a new source of capital for American radicals. A staggering $400 billion in pension funds are managed primarily by the major banks and insurance companies. Indisputably this is the workers' own money—deferred compensation set aside to pay for the workers' retirement security. But the pension funds are managed by the corporate-financial community to suit its own needs, under the guise of earning the maximum return on the funds.

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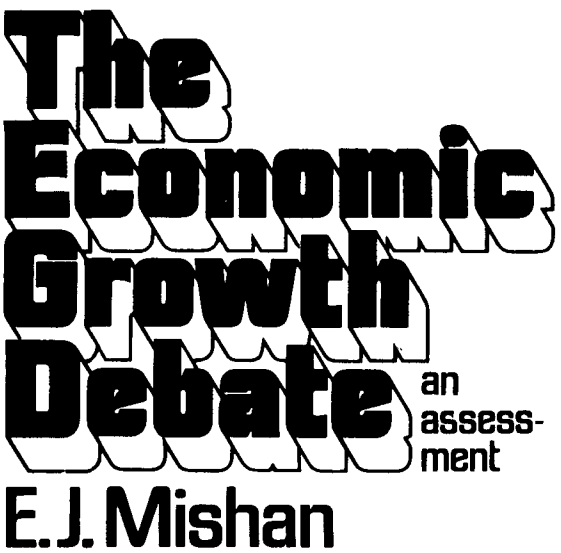

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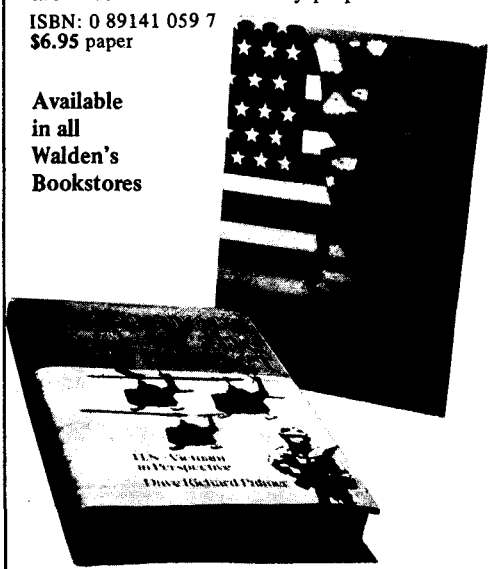

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corporations to finance their current operations, and, despite the recent pension reform legislation, many workers are still in danger of being denied the pension benefits they have paid for and waited for. Just as scandalously, the pension funds are frequently invested to finance the flight of industries from unionized communities into cheap labor sweatshops in the Sunbelt or slave labor sweatshops in South Korea, South Africa, and other outposts of the Free World.

—*H. L.*

Offenders in the Community. Edwin M. Lemert, Forrest Dill. Lexington, $18.

On The Take: From Petty Crooks to Presidents. William J. Chambliss. Indiana University, $9.95.

The Origins of the Second World War. Maurice Baumont. Yale, $22.

The Ozone War. Lydia Dotto, Dr. Harold Schiff. Doubleday, $10.

Policy Analysis and Deductive Reasoning. Gordon Tullock, Richard E. Wagner, eds. Lexington, $18.

The Presidential Election Game. Steven J. Brams. Yale, $15/$3.95.

Private Lives of Public Servants. Kenneth Lasson. Indiana University, $10.95. Lasson attempts a sympathetic portrayal of the frustrations of six government workers, ranging from a Department of Agriculture meat inspector to a Foreign Service Officer. He does convey a sense of how, faced with the inertia or corruption of government agencies, some workers keep faith (a doctor's battle within the Food and Drug Administration is the bright spot of the book) while others become resigned to the hopelessness of it all. But on the whole, *Private Lives* is gimmicky and lacking in authority. In fact, the "private lives" aspect concerns the background from which each of them emerged. Not too surprisingly, diplomats turn out to be better educated than meat inspectors.

—*L. R.*

Protest at Selma: Martin Luther King, Jr. and the Voting Rights Act of 1965. David J. Garrow. Yale, $15.

The Public Accounting Profession: Problems and Prospects. Stanley Charles Abraham. Lexington, $18.

Robert Kennedy and His Times. Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Houghton Mifflin, $19.95.

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This is a truly important book about one of the truly fascinating men of our time. Its many fine chapters include a brilliant account of RFK as effective dove during the Cuban Missile crisis. It is marred only—and far from fatally—by the author's inability to flesh out Kennedy's faults nearly as fully as he portrays his virtues. Some Kennedy weaknesses, such as the curious celebrityitis he shared with several other members of his family, are simply not mentioned at all. Occasionally the author is foolish, as in this observation: "No one who knew John and Robert Kennedy well believed they would conceivably countenance a program of assassination. Like McCone, they were Catholics."

A Season of Youth: The American Revolution and the Historical Imagination. Michael Kammen. Knopf, $15. Tradition, tradition!—the connective tissue which gives a community its sense of identity and continuity. But in a country where the future is king, the past gets short shrift—with one exception: the American Revolution, its ideals set forth in the Declaration of Independence, remains the core of such sense of national tradition as we have.

Not that we all see it in the same light. Kammen's concern is with how the Revolution is perceived today, how it is depicted in popular culture. He is a poor man's Vernon Parrington, tracing the currents of American thought about the Revolution as they emerge from paintings, statues, plays, poems, and romantic novels. These works are less important to Kammen for their artistic merit—many are decidedly second-rate—than as reflections of what the public wants to see, read, and hear.

The voluminous paintings of the signing of the Declaration and of George Washington doing anything, but mostly crossing the Delaware (including at least one in which he is crossing on horseback) suggest a certain ambiguity in how the public identifies with the Revolution—on the one hand an allegiance to democracy and egalitarianism, and on the other a near reverence for qualities of nobility and elite leadership.

Historical fiction, although frequently banal (featuring heroes and heroines with names like Silas Fearnought and Flora Goodheart) has been the most important source of public awareness of the Revolution. The persistent thread in historical novels (and in the films made from them) has been the portrayal of the

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—Richard Reeves, Washington Monthly

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—J. Anthony Lukas

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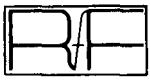

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Development programs, says Ruth B. Dixon, must be aimed at improving the condition of the poorest sector of the world's population — women. Her book outlines a development strategy based on producer cooperatives, owned and operated by women, to bring rural women into the work force, promote rural development, and encourage a decline in the birthrate. $15.00

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Resources for an Uncertain Future

edited by Charles J. Hitch

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Revolution as a rite of passage, a national coming of age, sometimes symbolized by the young hero rebelling against his father and striking out on his own.

One comes of age only once, and then it is a fait accompli, not a continuing process. Kammen's lament is that by treating the Revolution as a rite of passage we have de-revolutionized it.

—*L. R.*

Spooks: The Haunting of America—The Private Use of Secret Agents. Jim Hougan. Morrow, $12.95.

Stable Peace. Kenneth E. Boulding. University of Texas, $3.95. Eisenhower, according to an apocryphal story, once admonished Dulles, "Don't just do something, stand there."

Boulding's prescription is similar. With the limited objective of reducing the strains that lead to war, he proposes among other things: the removal of national boundary questions from the political agenda except under circumstances of strong mutual agreement (even in Africa, where boundaries are artificial, any international attempt to reset them would cause chaos); the gradual transformation of the military into "soldiers without enemies," such as the UN forces in the Middle East, Cyprus, and the Congo; the establishment of a United Nations Disarmament Organization (as a nabob of negativism, Boulding delights in the acronym UNDO) to provide a forum and impetus for real disarmament negotiations; and "a United Nations Spying Organization which would spy on everybody and publish the results immediately."

—*L.R.*

The Story of Thalidomide. The Insight Team of the *Sunday Times* of London. Viking, $10.95.

Undesirable Alien. Regis Debray. Viking, $9.95.

Wealth Redistribution and the Income Tax Principal Paper. Norman B. Ture: Arleen A. Leibowitz, ed. Lexington, $13.50.

What Makes You Think We Read the Bills? Senator H.L. Richardson. Caroline House, $7.95.

Who Was Jack Ruby? Seth Kantor. Everest House, $10.95.

Worlds Apart: Relationships Between Families and Schools. Sara Lawrence Lightfoot. Basic, $12.95.

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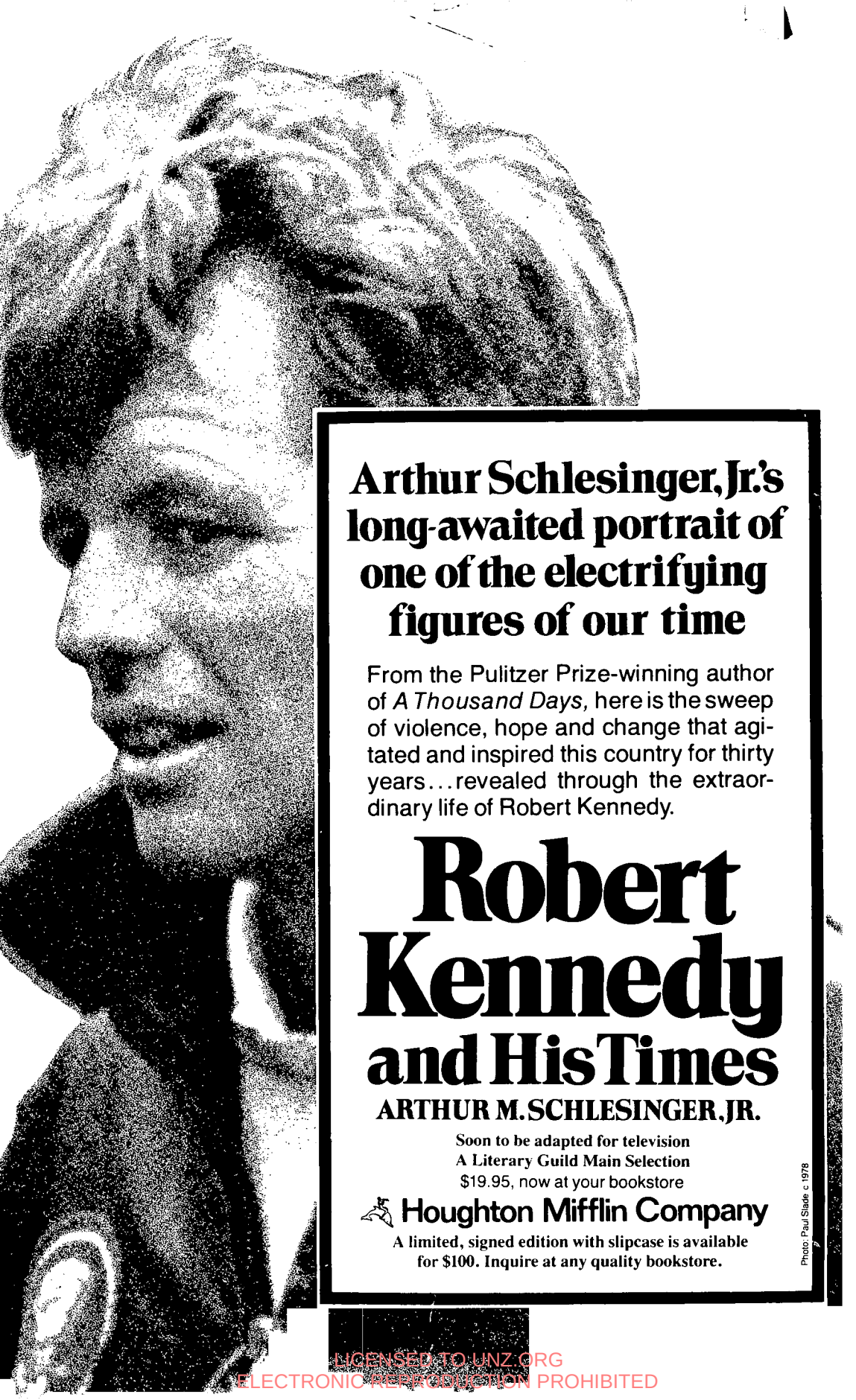

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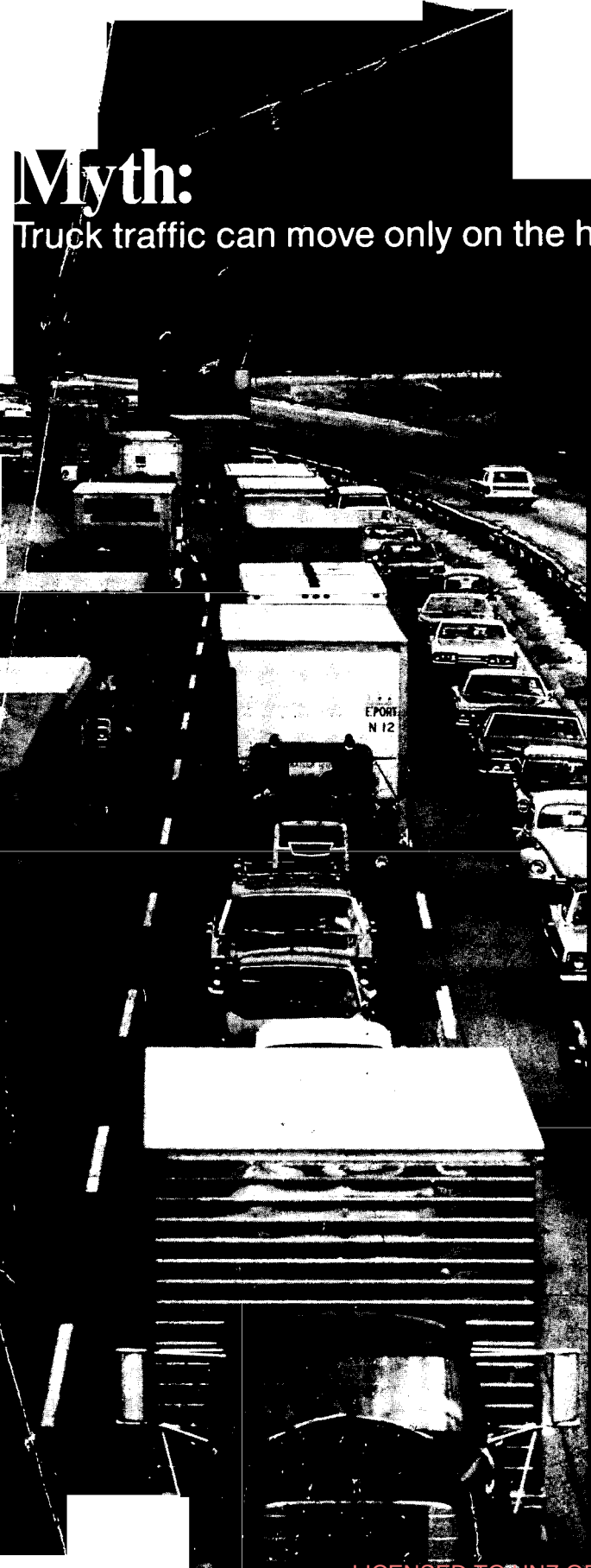
Myth:

Truck traffic can move only on the highways.



Fact:

More than two million truckloads moved by railway last year.

Piggybacking—the movement of truck
ers or containers by rail—is the fastest
growing part of the railroad busin
a new record in 1977 and it's now
ond-largest source of traffic—nex

The piggyback concept has co
Better yet, it has generated a wea
vations and improvements. Conta
cargo destined for foreign countr
moves across America by rail. Ne
in flatcars are saving fuel a
loads. Truck trailers that ac
roads or rails with two sepa
wheels are being tested.

This is good news for the
better news for the consum
tion. Many piggyback train
cargo with about half the fu
required by trucks to move

Usually there's a cos
back shipments, too, w
fast, long-distance tra
door-to-door delivery s

Because these truck
railroads, not the high
public enjoys a greater degre
less congestion, while damag
way system is reduced.

Not all trucks can move by t
sands more are doing so every ye
ones that do aren't leaving potholes i
favorite road.

Association of American -
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Surprise:

We've been working on the railroad.

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